JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. II. No. 50. Saturday, May 18th, 1907. One Penny.

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The Offices of JOHN BULL *have now been removed to* 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, *where, in future,* ALL COMMUNICATIONS *must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements (see notice below).*

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our hearty congratulations to King Alfonso and Queen Ena on the birth of an heir to the Spanish throne. The event justifies the prophets, who have all along said the newcomer would be no lady. King Alfonso is perhaps more popular in England than he is in Spain, where there is a sense of grievance that he is only half a Spaniard. But there is no question that his marriage with a Princess of Britain, an alliance which was frankly and openly a love-match, if ever there was one, has enormously strengthened his position. He has youth, enthusiasm, energy, high spirit, and a good grasp of affairs, so there is every reason to hope and believe that under him the country of his father will enter upon a new era of national prosperity. In England, certainly, all good wishes to that end will be with him. "Gentlemen,—The King and Queen of Spain—and the other member of the Royal family."

Interest in our Convict Divorce Bill is increasing. The last issue of *Law Notes*—one of the leading organs of the legal profession—says, "Some of the papers are much amused at this subject, but it appears to us to meet a much-needed reform of the law"; whilst the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks our measure "is only significant as a sign of the times. Something of the sort is in existence in some States in America. The position of a wife whose husband is in prison 'for life' is awful to contemplate." And then our contemporary goes on to ask why the measure should not apply to husbands as well as wives? Of course, there is no logical reason why it should not, but in a matter of this kind it is very desirable to get the thin end of the wedge in first.

There appears to be some need of a big broom in the Central Offices of the Royal Courts of Justice, where eleven of the clerks are aged respectively 64, 59, 64, 60, 60, 65, 60, 59, 70, 61, 59, with the following respective years of service behind them—43, 42, 43, 45, 43, 48, 43, 42, 41, 41, and 41. Is it not time that some of the younger men had a chance of promotion?

We sent a representative to the opening of the Balkan Exhibition at Earl's Court, and we note that the toast of the King of Servia was received with groans and cries of "Murderer!" Commenting on this incident, the *Daily Chronicle* said, "It was subsequently explained that the cries which greeted the mention of King Peter's name were really complimentary, and were uttered by some enthusiastic Servians who were present." The regicides evidently know how to nobble the press, and we note with astonishment that no other journal referred to the incident at all. The Servian exhibits are interesting, but the less we hear about Peter Karageorgevitch the better for the show. We note that a bust of the "Crown Prince" George is offered for sale. What a chance for an alienist museum!

And so the Licensing Bill is dropped—which is good news for Temperance, as we endeavoured to show during the recent debate on the Scotch Local Veto Bill. Let us recapitulate, in a sentence, one or two facts which stand out like a rock to warn fanatics of their danger. Drunkenness is greatest where prohibitive legislation is strongest; the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh, with all their licensing restrictions, are less sober than the English; the towns in England with the fewest public-houses are more intemperate than those with the most public-houses. Whilst these facts remain, advocates of Local Veto and Sunday Closing are out of Court. As the lawyers say, they have no cause of action. Hence their Statement of Claim has been struck out—at any rate, for these sittings.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? There has recently been held, at Brighton, a great meeting to consider the question of Sunday observance. The Earl of Chichester presided, and Father Vaughan was the principal speaker. The Father's statement that he had built a club when in the north of England, and allowed men to play billiards on Sunday, was received with loud expressions of disagreement. The speaker became excited and waved his handkerchief in the air, shouting, "Hurrah, I say, and yet one hurrah more for billiards!" What about the Smart Set after this? But after all, it does not follow that because a parson plays billiards on a Sunday he necessarily means to cut the cloth.

Every patriotic Englishman must protest against the latest attempt to discredit his country. There is to be an exhibition of humorous art in Paris, and over 100 contributions are threatened by the staff of *Punch*. The only result will be that Frenchmen will be confirmed in their old delusion about the melancholy dulness of this island. *Punch* is as inappropriate a national representative as the tourist who goes to the opera in checks and the gaunt matron who parades her big feet and long teeth on the boulevards.

Lord Carrington has been much in evidence recently in his administrative capacity as Minister of Agriculture, and the present flood of oratory from the Colonial Premiers brings to our recollection a story concerning him when he was Governor of New South Wales. His lordship made his first official appearance at a dinner given by the Mayor of Sydney, and in response to the toast of his health, he fired off a few words which he had committed to paper and sat down, feeling very pleased with himself. A fat man sitting opposite, an M.P., who had suffered long from the abundant eloquence of the new Governor's predecessor, filled his glass to the brim, and said, "Thank the Lord he can't speak." The effect of this Parliamentarian's comment was that the noble lord stuck religiously to short speeches.

We had an idea that Mr. Bumble's ejaculation, "The law is a hass!" applied exclusively to British matters, but a young woman in Normandy is of opinion that the dictum is universal in its application. She was to have been married, but it was found she had been registered as a boy, and is liable to be called on for conscript duties next year, sex or no sex. So permission to marry has been refused, and the loving couple are, like Lord Ullin, "left lamenting." The only way out seems for the lady to get converted and be "born again."

The Latter-day Prophets have discovered that the King was fulfilling Daniel and Revelations by his Mediterranean cruise, and that "unparalleled revolutions, wars, famines, plagues, and persecutions" are booked for early dates. It will rather astonish his Majesty, however, to learn that he is a "ten-horned sea-monster." He is getting on in years, and this kind of thing will be an unwelcome suggestion.

The *Express* still holds the fort for truth at all costs: "To-day's Story.—Tariff Reform and no Income-tax."

An ominous announcement: "Turkish customs increase." We have no desire to criticise Turkish delights, but "East is East, and West is West."

Come, my Lord Halifax, let us reason together. You complain that "Parliament, composed of Jews, heretics, and infidels, schismatics of every shade, and men simply irreligious," takes a hand in fashioning the formularies of the Church. As you put it amusingly, "The prospects were indeed amazing. Mr. Healy would balance the respective merits of Roman cotta and the English surplice. Mr. Rothschild would discuss the legality of the Crucifix. Mr. Lloyd-George would uphold the cope as the right garment for the Communion service, while Mr. Masterman would, no doubt, plead for chasuble, amice, maniple, and stole. Mr. Morley might argue for the disuse of the Athanasian Creed with Mr. Haldane, who esteemed it the most philosophical attempt to express the inexpressible. The language of prayer would be revised by men who believed that they died like dogs," and so on. To sum it all up, you cannot have your cake and eat it too. My Lord, what price Disestablishment? Then the Church will have absolute liberty to shape itself as it chooses.

Another sign of the times. We note the formation of the "Radical Anti-Faddist League," under the presidency of that weather-beaten old reformer, W. J. Ramsey, Vice-President of the Metropolitan Radical Federation, which recently unanimously passed a resolution protesting against grandmotherly legislative interference with the liberties of the people. Unlike the fashionable passive resister of to-day, Mr. Ramsey has undergone a long term of imprisonment for conscience' sake; and it is of such stuff that leaders of men are made.

A Lancashire hospital is advertising for a porter—or was, but no doubt there has been a tremendous rush of applicants after an easy berth. Here are a few particulars:—

> "Ordinary hours of duty, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. In emergencies these hours will be prolonged, and the Heating Apparatus will require attention last thing each night.
> "One half-day off each week, and Sunday afternoons after visiting hours."

His duties, among other trifling matters, will consist of

> "attending to heating and hot-water apparatus, coaling the fires in the hospital, carrying all coal, chop wood, clean brasses and knives, shake carpets and mats, clean windows, wash medicine bottles, carry patients to ward, bathe male patients, sweep down yard and corridor walls, wash side wards and theatre walls when required, clean theatre floor, cellar, cellar steps, and all drains and outhouses, help with machinery in laundry, store patients' clothes and bedding when necessary, keep yard, steps, and approaches clean, admit visitors on visiting days, attend to walks, go errands, and perform such other reasonable duties as the matron may assign him."

In addition to this he will have the privilege of counting over and over again Twenty-eight Silver Shillings every week!! And he will have two pairs of trousers a year to put them in! Oh, happy, happy Lancashire Lad!

The *Western Mail* has found out that Prince Edward of Wales is to be officially known as Prince David, afterwards, all in good time, to be King David I. We can stand a good deal—and no doubt by the time he reaches the Throne the whole country will be owned by the Jews—but we don't think the British nation will stand "David I." Even South Africa jibbed at Solomon! It might be all right for Wales—but Lloyd-George is not Premier yet.

Directly some one gropes at a scientific discovery, the quidnuncs are all agog with uplifted eyes and hands. A wiseacre has adapted the principle of the humming-top to locomotion, and no doubt it may be useful in assisting equilibrium. But when we are gravely told that the Hotel Cecil can be whisked up to the summit of Mount Ararat on a tight rope at the rate of 300 miles an hour, we may be pardoned for inquiring about the rope. The moral is that credulity will live for ever. People who have long ago discarded the Bible and the Puritan Sunday and the danger of walking under ladders will believe any rhodomontade if only it is chaperoned by the fetish of science.

If Prince Fuzzy-Wuzzy wishes to make himself truly popular in England, he will call for and attend a performance of "The Mikado." But, if he does, he will probably have his head chopped off when he returns home.

If Lord Rosebery has any friends left, they ought to muzzle him, for he has grown like the Irishman, who could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it. His speech in the House of Lords was the coping-stone to a foolish and futile career. Even elementary logic seems to have deserted him. He said that, if Lord Newton's bill passed the Lords unanimously, it would not get beyond the bar of the other House—perhaps not even through the central lobby. Therefore he objected to passing a bill which the Commons would

kick out. How can you kick out a thing which you have not even admitted to your purlieus? Again, seeing that, if the Bill had passed the Lords unanimously, it would have done so with the assent of all parties, who would prevent its consideration in the Commons?

Lord Rosebery's metaphor about the ill-assorted marriage was no less futile. He represented the Commons as saying to the Lords: "I observe your endeavour to mend your ways, with dissatisfaction. I am promoting a divorce against you, and it does not answer my purpose that you should mend your conduct, so as to make the Courts less inclined in my favour." Then he went on to suggest that the weaker vessel would be justified in replying: "You are at perfect liberty to endeavour to adjust your relations according to your own special wishes, but for Heaven's sake don't prevent me adjusting mine." Apparently Lord Rosebery overlooked the obvious answer: "It is too late!" The Lords have already been convicted of an adulterous connection with a certain party, as well as of deserting their duties. The predominant partner will not now be satisfied with hollow regrets or prattling promises not to do it again.

The degeneration of Lord Rosebery is further illustrated by his senescent repetitions and decaying taste. Cromwell occurs in all his orations with the same regularity as King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorial, and one might imagine that his only remaining memories of literature were confined to "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Pickwick Papers." His lordship is no doubt entitled to cherish his disappointments, but he would be more likely to command pity if he refrained from such petulant gibes as those which he directs against his old leader and his old party.

Here is another illustration of the futility of restrictive interference with the natural instincts of the people. Since the passing of the Street Betting Act the attendance in the cheap rings at the racecourses has materially increased, which means that men who were formerly content to "have their little bits on their fancies" with the local bookie now go down to the races, thus, in many cases, neglecting their work, incurring travelling and other expenses, and probably betting twice as heavily as they otherwise would have done. Oh, these silly, short-sighted faddists!

How much more sensible are our French neighbours. Recognising that men *will* bet, they provide facilities, under public control, for the gratification of their desire—and reap a big harvest for the exchequer. And note this. Since the recent law prohibiting any open betting on the course—even between owners themselves, without the intervention of any bookmaker—the receipts of the *mutuels* have increased enormously. *What* a harvest the Chancellor of the Exchequer is leaving ungathered! Oh, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Grundy—your name is Cant!

Our esteemed suffragist friend, Miss Irene Miller, calls our attention to the fact that in New Zealand, at the last General Election, 82 per cent. of the women qualified to vote exercised the franchise, as against 83 per cent. of the men, and she naturally argues from this fact against people who think that if female suffrage were granted in this country women would not avail themselves of it. There is considerable force in Miss Miller's contention.

A word to Mr. Wallace, K.C., Chairman of the Clerkenwell Sessions. An American, giving the alternative names of "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Nobody," was convicted of burglary—apparently of an expert character. He was about to be "put back" for "further inquiries," when he handed the chairman a certain document. After reading it, Mr. Wallace is reported as saying, "I will assume this is your first offence, and will discharge you on your own recognisances." Now, we want to see that document. We have a right to know upon what special ground a gentleman with skeleton keys and other burglarious implements in his possession is to be set at liberty to roam again in our midst.

Even in America such a thing would not be tolerated. You remember, no doubt, the story of the gentleman who was charged, on overwhelming evidence, with an offence which, incidentally, violated the Seventh Commandment, and who, before the jury gave their verdict, asked and obtained permission to hand a written document to the foreman. To the surprise of everybody in Court he was acquitted, but the judge insisted on the document being read. And you know what it said: "Don't you think it about time that we married men stood by each other?"

Lord Courtney has been able to carry the second reading of an admirable little Bill in the House of Lords, and it is quite a pleasure to acknowledge that there is somebody in that out-of-date assembly who can find time to do something useful. The object of the Bill is to give local authorities the power to adopt proportional representation as a method of election. At one time we used to hear a great deal about proportional representation. It was a common cry from Radical platforms. Now it has somehow got squeezed out, and it is hardly heard of even as a whisper. Lord Courtney has the credit of reviving this most logical and righteous method of election. True, the little Bill is but optional and experimental. But its adoption by two or three enterprising municipalities would be a valuable object-lesson. If it is as successful as it is in Switzerland, for instance, or Belgium, it would no doubt soon revolutionise our whole electoral machinery. We welcome the Bill because its inevitable tendency would be to smash up that two-party system of Government which makes political office and power a mere game of ball between two rival cliques, who share out the prizes among themselves in that pretty, accommodating way with which we are all so familiar. When one clique is beaten in the game, they resign to the other clique, and when that clique is beaten in turn the other clique, almost to a man, goes in again. This is called representative Government. We call it representative fiddle-sticks.

The Press and certain members of the House of Commons have made a holy din for party purposes on the subject of the imprisonment of Captain Grogan and others for flogging natives at Nairobi. Many persons don't know where Nairobi is, and others don't care. The yarn they have got hold of is that Captain Grogan was the righteous executant of a Providential judgment on natives guilty of assaulting white women. The magistrate who tried this Providential nigger-whipper tells another story. No one present at the flogging, he said in his judgment, had taken the trouble to satisfy himself as to whether the natives deserved flogging. There had been no trial of any sort, or any pretence of trial. "Grogan had himself stated that no plea of defence would have diverted him from his purpose, and the case was about as bad as it could be. At most the natives had only been guilty of impertinence." Therefore Grogan went to gaol for a month, and we are glad of it. Even a Nairobi nigger is a human being and not a dog, and if any whipping is to be done under British rule we will have it done, if you please, according to law. Grogan isn't the law. He is merely a high-prancing despot who has got served strictly according to his merits.

We cannot help thinking that the Government has made a grave error in disregarding the petition presented by no less than 376 Members of Parliament asking for a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the grievances of assistant clerks in the Civil Service. If such a request, emanating from more than half the members of the House of Commons, is to be ignored

we had better once and for all abandon the claim of the Commons to any control over the public service.

Several correspondents call our attention to a sermon recently delivered by the Rev. T. E. Ruth at Westbourne Park Chapel. Amongst other striking variations of the "New" Theology, we find Mr. Ruth proclaiming the fact that "the Christian is the true agnostic." Later on he tells his flock, "I do not know much of Heaven or Hell, but if you had asked me here to preach five years ago, I could have told you all about both places with accuracy and confidence;" and then, with that strange logic which often characterises the evangelist, Mr. Ruth proceeds:—"I know there is a Judgment. I know that even now the Judge is passing sentence. I know that here and now, in this service, there is Heaven and Hell. *Two men are sitting together in one pew—the one is in Heaven, the other in Hell.*" We wonder which of them was asleep! One of our correspondents very aptly suggests that Mr. T. E. Ruth ought to drop his second initial.

We would prefer not constantly commenting upon such matters, but really the following extract from a message recently addressed by the Rev. H. J. Jordan to the churchwardens and congregation of the "Established Church," Penn, relative to the death of their vicar, does tempt us. Just consider it:—"We have earnestly prayed that, if it were the Lord's wish to restore him, he may come amongst us again, with new power, as the result of his great affliction. *We now pray* that his loss may be made a great blessing to ourselves and the whole parish." Why are not these reverend gentlemen, in their desire to adapt themselves to all circumstances and conditions, more careful to avoid such incongruities?

Mr. Deakin continues to exasperate with his airs and graces. He appears to think it very fine to refuse a Privy Councillorship, which was intended as a compliment to his Colony rather than to himself. There is also something very like effrontery in his appearance on a public platform to advocate conscription for us poor islanders at the very moment when he is withdrawing the Australian contribution towards the Imperial Navy. Are the Australians going to adopt conscription for our benefit? Certainly not. The irrepressible Deakin makes it brutally clear that he shares the fault of the Dutch—which is that of "giving too little and asking too much." As for the whole army of these Colonial Premiers, is not it high time that someone greeted them with the classic cry: "Who goes home?"

We much fear that Mr. Deakin will return home with a rather sore ear. He has played up to the dear-food newspapers for all he is worth, and he is certainly worth a great deal in the way of talk. The April returns of the Board of Trade show an increase of £9,727,000 in imports, a rise of £7,384,000 in exports, and an increase of £2,338,000 in re-exports; but out of trade done to the value of some £300,000,000 in the first quarter of the year, £41,300,000 only is the value of the trade done with our self-governing Colonies. Bring that Colonial trade to a percentage, and the demand for Preference, the other name for Protection, is seen to be not only ridiculous, but wicked. It has never yet been explained, and we suppose it never will, what more a country like Australia would be able to produce for us, sell to us, or buy from us, if Preference were conceded, than it does now. The fact is, there isn't a Protectionist argument which will hold water on the figures, and all this yellow-press shrieking about the "banged door" amounts to nothing except—a shriek. Meanwhile, this country can afford to wear the smile that won't come off.

Our kilted and besporraned friends over the border are still clamouring that the King shall be styled Edward I. Meanwhile his Majesty and most Englishmen prefer the larger numeral. Let us propose a compromise, which should satisfy everybody. James II. was styled James II. and VII.; James III. was known to Jacobites as James III. and VIII. Why should not our gracious Sovereign consent to pass as Edward VII. and I.?

We are accustomed to the assumed innocence of our judges, but the studied simplicity of King's Counsel is becoming an irritating pose. Look at their absurd affectations in a recent case. They must surely know enough of the manners and customs of the present day to understand that a man and a woman may travel together in a punt or a cab or even a locked railway carriage, without offence. It would be a very unfortunate state of things if they could not. The early-Victorian theory of the seclusion of the sexes has long been exploded, and, even while it lasted, was not such a very sufficient safeguard of mora's as old women of both sexes pretend to believe.

The innovation of allowing a witness to remain incognito is a sound one. Of course the name is well-known to so many people, from solicitors' clerks to gaping sight-seers in court, that the secret cannot be very well kept. Indeed, the identity of "Miss A." soon went the round of the clubs. But the annoyance of vulgar comments in the yellow press is avoided, and that is a great thing, particularly in the case of an innocent witness. After all, there is no reason why the curiosity of the public should be gratified about matters which do not concern them. It will be remembered that French papers, which are notoriously less discreet than our own, habitually use initials, even in referring to defendants in criminal cases.

Here is a little parable:—

THE KINDLY KING.

The kindly king sent out to the African rivers to see what dividends the rubber companies were likely to pay. And whilst there he met an officious reporter, who said: "What about the niggers?"

So the king said: "Let all the black men be brought hither."

And when they came the kindly king said: "Let every man who has aught to complain of hold up his right hand."

Then not a hand was held up. So the king said: "Behold, emissary of the press, how I am slandered."

The blacks had all lost their right hands years and years ago.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 270.

For adjourning a Cabinet Council to enable him to jump hurdles in the presence of photographers,

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 271.

For publishing the following Contents Bill last Friday:

QUEEN ENA'S BABY
CLOSE OF PLAY
THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 272.

For suggesting as an amendment to the proposal that young children should be prohibited from entering public-houses, that they should not be sent to church until they are 14,

MR. WALL (a Fulham Guardian)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 273.

For stating that the Advertisement Manager of Gamages' had to engage a "Gladiator" motor to go round the newspaper offices at night to revise the proofs of the firm's advertisements,

SPORTING SKETCHES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE CHURCH ARMY.

THE SAMARITAN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND BUREAU.

The Church Army has many departments, but in this article we propose to limit ourselves to one which is known as the Church Army Citizen Samaritan Office and Employment Bureau. We have before us a pamphlet issued by the Army, in which the objects of this bureau are explained at length. Referring to those it was founded to assist the pamphlet says:—

> "Our poor friends have come as usual from many ranks and stations in life, but the class for which the office is primarily intended—city clerks of good character out of employment through no fault of their own—has not been quite so numerous as sometimes. . . . For such men as these we provide suitable temporary work, addressing envelopes, and circulars, and the like, and we are always glad to supply clerks to offices needing temporary or permanent assistance."

And then there is the usual appeal for help in the way of monetary subscriptions.

Now, we cannot imagine an object more worthy of support than that of the Bureau as explained in the document from which we have quoted, but we are constrained to say that the evidence before us compels the conviction that the Bureau as worked is a very different organization to the Bureau as sketched by the official writer. Once a year the Bureau issues accounts, and we have before us those for 1904 and 1905. We find that in 1904 the Bureau received in the form of donations £1,326, and in 1905 £1,853. One of the items of expenditure is as below:—

> "Rent, rates, taxes, gas, repairs, and so on...£168 17s. 11d."

But why the charge for rent? In a letter addressed by the Rev. Canon Carlile to the charitable public asking for subscriptions to the Bureau we find the following:—

> "St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory,
> "Eastcheap, E.C.,
> "January 21, 1907.
>
> "Dear ,—Misfortune, sickness, and bad trade are still driving hundreds of respectable city clerks and others to our Samaritan Office and Labour Homes to bridge over periods of difficulty.
>
> "*I cannot do more than offer my best rooms as a free refuge.* Could you entrust us with some addressing or clerical work, or, if not, a donation that may save some poor family from despair.
>
> "Do help us if you can. Old clothes, boots, and hats greatly valued.
>
> "Sincerely yours,
> "(Signed) L. CARLILE,
> "Hon. Sec.
>
> "P.S.—We can recommend reliable clerks, if required."

"I cannot do more than offer them (that is the clerks, etc., out of employment) my best rooms (that is to say rooms at St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory, Eastcheap), as a free refuge." But if these rooms at the Rectory are generously handed over for the purposes of the Bureau, how is it that £168 17s. 11d. is charged for rent, etc. Even if the rooms were rented on an ordinary commercial basis the charge would be exorbitant; but, exorbitant or not, this sum is paid, and therefore the talk about giving up the "best rooms as a free refuge" is highly misleading.

As to the £1,853 put down for donations in 1905, we understand that a much larger sum was really received. Although the Bureau is supposed to be a separate institution, the donations are transferred to the Church Army headquarters and allotted in a manner that only allows a portion of the sum received—the portion referred to in the accounts—to be credited to the Employment Bureau for whom the subscription was intended. How is this justified? Why was £365 transferred to Banner Street and Prince's Square Homes in 1904 and £843 in 1905, which are said to be self-supporting?

But these, perhaps, are minor matters. What we are concerned with is the treatment of the "respectable City clerks and others" for whom the Bureau is intended. It gets work for these poor men. That is good. But what about the conditions under which they work? These are not good. The object of the Bureau, as put before the public, and as understood by the public, is to help men out of work, men of good character, but the victims of illness or other unpreventable misfortune. Obviously the pay received for work of this kind will be small. Surely it ought to be handed over to the men without deduction? It may be said that the expenses of running the Bureau—which, after all, cannot be large—may properly be borne by them. That, we think, under any circumstances would be very questionable seeing that the Bureau claims to be a charitable organization, but however that may be, if the men who are helped have to bear the cost of working the organisation it will be agreed that the greatest care should be taken that they do not pay more than is absolutely necessary. Now, upon the showing of the accounts themselves, they do. Why are the public invited to subscribe to the Bureau? The official answer is to be found in the letter written by Mr. Carlile and quoted on this page. The response to the appeal the year before last was, as we have said, £1,853, which ought to have been in itself ample to cover expenses. But upon the accounts submitted, after paying the rent for the rooms, for which the Canon says he does not charge, and other charges, we find a balance of £843 3s. 7d., which is transferred to some other account instead of being used for the purposes of the "poor, respectable City clerks and others." That no doubt shall remain upon the minds of any reader we reproduce the Income and Expenditure Account for 1905 as issued by the Society:—

SAMARITAN OFFICE AND EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for Year ended 31st December, 1905.

INCOME.

Work done by clerks	£1,319 11 0
Wood sales, etc.	14 19 0
Donations	1,853 13 11
	£3,188 3 11

EXPENDITURE.

Paid clerks for work done (including food and grants in special distress)	£1,672 9 1
Rent, rates, taxes, gas, repairs, etc. ...	168 17 11
Advertising, printing, and stationery, salaries, office expenses, and sundries (including outlays for finding employment)	503 13 4
Balance transferred to Banner Street Prince's Square, and Bow Labour Homes	843 3 7
	£3,188 3 11

Now let us see how the "respectable City clerks and others" are treated. We will take two or three cases, and we will give the names of the firms, so that they can correct us if the statements of our informants are misleading.

(1) Messrs. Wells Gardner, the well-known publishers, pay the Army for addressing envelopes 5s. per 1000; the Church Army pays the "respectable City clerks and others" 4s.

(2) Messrs. H. Wood and Co., of Moorgate Street, agricultural implement makers, employ men to address and seal down a book, letter, and postcard, enclosed in one cover. They pay the Army 6s. per 1,000 for enclosing and 4d. for sealing down, together 6s. 4d. The Army pay the "respectable City clerks and others" who do the work 4s. per 1,000.

(3) Messrs. Hennessy and Co., of Great Tower Street, the well-known brandy merchants, acting through their agents, Messrs. Twist and Browning, wanted men for addressing and packing samples. They paid the Church Army 32s. weekly for each man, and the "City clerks of good character out of employment" were paid by the Army 18s. per week till they protested, and then they got 21s.

Speaking generally the terms are as below:—

Firms pay from 5s. to 6s. per 1,000 for addressing; the Army pays the men who do the work 4s.

Firms pay 2s. 6d. for "enclosing"; the Army pays from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d.

Firms pay for stamping 1s. 6d.; the Army pays 1s.

Firms pay for binding 1s. 2d. for 120; the Army pays nothing.

With no desire to be censorious, or to abstain from giving credit where credit is due, but rather with the wish to encourage the Church Army in its work if it can be proved that the work deserves encouragement, we invite the Rev. Canon Carlile either to upset these figures or to justify them.

DEAR MADAM (or SIR),

May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

Yours respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

IN THE CITY.

THE COBALT BOOMLET.

It is much to be regretted that at a time when attempts are being made to foist upon the British investor Cobalt properties of very doubtful value, Sir Wilfrid Laurier should have made a pronouncement as to the Cobalt mining industry which is very likely to be misunderstood. Interviewed since his arrival here upon the Cobalt district, Sir Wilfrid expressed his conviction that it is "rich beyond compare," transcending even the silver deposits of Colorado or Nevada. And Sir Wilfrid went on to say that:—

> The Government of Ontario causes careful examinations by its own mining experts to be made, and until the official investigation is completed and the Government Inspector is satisfied that the property in question possesses payable mineral in places, no title is granted. The Ontario Government is the only one up till now that has exercised such discretion, one which, I should say, should prove of vast importance to intending investors.

As to the transcendent richness of the Cobalt district much need not be said. There can be no doubt whatever that the district is extremely rich, but then in the richest districts there are parts of no mineral value, and it is here that Sir Wilfrid's statement is likely to be so mischievous. Because it amounts to this, that any patch of ground for which a licence has been obtained to work for minerals contains "payable mineral." By the ordinary man, not in the habit of nicely weighing words, this would be taken to mean that it is sufficient for a promoter of a company to say that he has got a Government licence to work particular ground in order to show that the profitable working of the ground is assured. As if to emphasise the value of the Government Inspectorship, Sir Wilfrid says that it should prove of "vast importance" to intending investors. These words mean, if they mean anything, that the Government inspection, which must be favourable if a licence is granted, insures investors in Cobalt companies against putting their money into worthless companies. Of course it does nothing of the kind.

Apart from the honesty of the inspector's report—and it is by no means to be assumed that a favourable report on particular ground cannot be got upon occasion from some of these inspectors without much justification for it—it must be obvious that although there may be "payable mineral in places," it may not be sufficiently payable to warrant the formation of a company and to justify the hope of dividends upon a large capital. We are quite sure that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be among the last to say anything that might mislead the ordinary investor, whether as regards Cobalt or anywhere else, but words falling from a man in his position need to be carefully weighed when they are certain to be used to induce investors to part with money, and we do not think that upon this particular occasion Sir Wilfrid Laurier's language was quite as guarded as it might have been.

"WE GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS."

A Teignmouth correspondent sends us a circular he has received from Messrs. Laurie and Vincent, Outside Brokers, of 70, Queen Street, E.C., and asks us what we think of it. Well, it is much like most other circulars of the kind, except that it is, perhaps, a little more impudent than most of them. Messrs. Laurie and Vincent invite the public to subscribe to what they call their "special deal," and they not only promise large profits, "profits unlimited" to quote from one paragraph of their circular, or "unlimited profits" to quote from another, but they tell the public that "in all special deals we guarantee against loss."

Our Teignmouth correspondent wants to know why, if these people guarantee absolutely against loss, they want any "cover." There's the rub. They ask for a one per cent. margin as the minimum. They advise that a larger margin than 1 per cent. should be sent, but why 1 per cent., or any other percentage, if the customer is to be absolutely guaranteed against loss. Of course Messrs. Laurie and Vincent's statement that they guarantee against loss is all moonshine. They do not pretend to enter into the operation until the operator has sent them hard coin, and if he does send it it is pretty safe to say that not only will he never get the promised enormous profit, he will never see back any of the money he has parted with.

HOW to INCREASE your INCOME
STRIKING SUCCESS!
Write at Once for Pamphlet (post free on mentioning this paper.)
The City and Westminster Exchange, Ltd.
Stock and Share Dealers,
Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W.
Telephone Nos. 867 Westminster, and 7765 Gerrard.
Telegraphic Address, "Stockwork," London.

INTER-IMPERIAL TRADE.

A small White paper, moved for by Mr. Harold Cox, has just been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. It can be bought at the Government printers for ½d., and it deserves the attention of every citizen interested—and who is not?—in the Fiscal question. It contains tables showing the value of all articles imported into the United Kingdom which were consigned from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and British South Africa respectively. 1. Free of duty. 2. Subject to duty. Here they are:—

Colony whence Consigned.	Imports (Consignments) of Merchandise into the United Kingdom in 1906.		
	Free of Duty.	Subject to Duty	Total.
	£	£	£
From Canada	28,029,668	15,368	28,035,036
„ Australia	29,178,609	106,537	29,285,146
„ New Zealand	15,618,850	163	15,619,013
„ British South Africa	6,327,476	16,894	6,344,370

And of all articles imported into Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and British South Africa respectively from the United Kingdom. 1. Free of duty. 2. Subject to duty. Here they are:—

Colonies.	Imports of Merchandise from the United Kingdom.		
	Free of Duty.	Subject to Duty	Total.
	£	£	£
Canada (year ended June 30, 1906)	3,406,000	10,815,000	14,221,000
Australia (1905)	5,738,000	14,513,000	20,251,000
New Zealand (1905)	2,484,000	5,300,000	7,784,000
British South Africa (1904)	6,506,000	14,335,000	20,841,000

It seems to us that comment upon these figures is needless. They should be read, marked, learned, and remembered when Opposition journals are ranting about the disruption of the Empire if we do not give a preferential tariff to the Colonies.

A CURIOUS PROMOTION.

During the past week the prospectus of the Marienbad, Kissengen, and Natural Spring Products, Ltd., has been advertised. It is a small company, with a capital of £25,000, having upon its board, among others, Dr. W. Dietl, Burgomaster of Marienbad, and Mr. J. T. Grein, who describes himself as "Consul and Merchant," and who is, perhaps, better known as a theatrical critic of original views. The company is formed for the purpose of importing and selling mineral waters coming from Marienbad Springs. It is one of those companies that can only hope to build up a business in this country by extensive advertising, and although the board is anything but a practical one, it seems to have dawned upon somebody connected with the promotion that a company with a capital of £25,000, formed to push the sale of mineral waters in this country, has got a pretty tough job before it. How the difficulty is to be got over is explained in the following paragraph of the prospectus.

> The principal object of its (the Company's) advertising, namely, to impress the public with the acknowledged value of its products will be achieved by propaganda in the narrative style. Short, direct, and to the point, worded in the right way, illustrated, printed, and dressed up to catch the eye and hold the mind.

"Propaganda in the narrative style" is good. So is the notion of "dressing up to catch the eye and hold the mind." But really there is nothing original in it. The vulgar call it newspaper puffing, taking the shape of short editorial paragraphs at—shall we say?—£50 a piece. But then a capital of £25,000 will not go very far in that sort of puffing.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER.

We have received from the Yost Typewriter Co., Ltd., a copy of the new edition of their Press List. It is concise and conveniently arranged and of much interest to readers who are typewriter users or prospective purchasers. The book describes the merits of the machine, such as its well-known clear cut work and strength and freedom from complications. It also gives a useful list of duplicators, carbon papers, and general typewriter supplies of the best quality.

PAID TO THE PEOPLE.
2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.
4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Deposits.
5 per cent. on Thrift Accounts (up to £10).
6 per cent. Dividend on £1 Shares.
FARROW'S BANK, Ltd. (The People's Bank),
20, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—PAT (Clapham).—We will look into the matter.

OCEANA.—J. H. (Aberdeen).—They would be a very speculative purchase.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—Lah (Kensington).—We think you might make a better selection.

VICTORIA LEGAL.—W. M. (Blackfriars).—The decision to which you refer in no way prejudices your rights.

DEPOSIT.—WILLIAM (Clacton-on-Sea).—See notice on another page respecting the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Limited.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—H. B. (Glasgow).—We do not think Chilian Bonds a suitable investment. Chili is among the most respectable of the South American Republics, but you never know where you are even with the best of them. Put the money into some sound home undertaking.

D. M. WILSON'S OPTIONS, LIMITED.—W. T. (Tottenham).—We should have thought that the name of the concern would have kept you clear of it. Your estimate of the present value of the shares hits the mark.

THE ECONOMIC BUILDING SOCIETY.—R. H. (Hull).—We have no knowledge of the Society which appears to have just started at Barton-on-Humber. Have you no local business friend upon whose judgment you can rely, and who might be able to give you an opinion?

INVESTMENT IN SHARES.—K. (St. George's, E.).—We cannot suggest any price, and advise you not to risk your money in such concerns. Keep it for the present in the Savings' Bank, where, if the interest you get for it is small, it will, anyway, be safe.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A. H. (Bradford).—Throw the circulars into the fire. We have repeatedly warned our readers against the people named in the second paragraph of your letter.

THE NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.— — (Brixton).—We agree, as you know, in your unfavourable opinion of this concern, and its founder William Taverner.

COMPARATIVE INSURANCE ADVANTAGES.—PAT (Clapham).—We will look into the figures and let you know the result.

BRITISH HOMES INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. B. (Godalming).—We note you have a £500 Bond, upon which you have paid £49 10s., which you wish to sell, and on that amount, you say, "£463 could be drawn at once." You do not say what price you would take. Let us know.

CARGO FLEET IRON COMPANY, LTD.—H. B. P (Stockton-on-Tees).—The "O" mortgage debentures should be a fairly safe investment.

TWO BUILDING SOCIETIES.—CHILTON (Ampthill).—Of the two societies we should prefer the first, which is old-established and sound.

HEARTS OF OAK BENEFIT SOCIETY.—H. K. (Hampstead).—We will examine the numerous documents you have sent us. On the face of it your statement seems incredible.

STANDING OF COMPANY.—PATRIOTIC (Blantyre).—We think you have made a rather unfortunate selection.

AFRICAN CONSOLIDATED LAND AND TRADING COMPANY.—J. W. S. (London).—In your place we should cut the loss.

GOLDEN LINKS.—F. T. (St. Andrews).—Little or none. We thank you for your kindly reference to JOHN BULL.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—CITY (St. Asaph).—Seeing that you have only paid a comparatively small amount, we should be inclined to take the surrender value. Do not insure again in an American company, over which people on this side have no effective control.

PROVIDENT FREE HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—TOM (Clacton-on-Sea).—It is a branch of the Provident Association of London, and is financially strong.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—W. D. (West Green).—On no account send your money to the people whose advertisement you send us. We should have thought that the promise of "£24,000 returned on an investment of £8" would have been sufficient to guard any sensible person from sending any money to persons who hold out such an inducement.

MINING SHARES.—H. R. (Liverpool).—You hold shares of very little value, and we cannot advise you to risk more money in averaging.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—J. E. (Llandovery).—Have nothing to do with these bonds or any other stocks or shares recommended by outside people. If, as you say, you are a working man with just a few savings to deal with, keep those savings in the Savings Bank, or, if they exceed £30 in the year, put the lot into the Birkbeck Bank, where you will get small interest, but first-class security. By-and-by, when the savings have grown, you will find them handy for buying a house, or some other sensible purpose.

BEST INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. E. B. (Rochdale).—For the purpose named, namely for an endowment payable at the expiration of twenty years, or previous death, we think the company you have marked "A" would be the best for your purpose, but the United Kingdom Provident would be better than either.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Anxious (Bridgewater).—We should prefer the second of the two, but we should not recommend either.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—Granville (Dublin).—We know nothing about the concern you name.

SALVATION ARMY METHODS.—E. M. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—We are obliged to you for the papers you send us, which shall have our attention.

THE AMERICAN EXPLORATION COMPANY.—W. F. (London).—Sell if you can get a buyer, and do not buy any more American bonds.

PETROLEUM COMPANIES.—A. M. (Barnstaple.)—We should prefer some other selection.

PROVINCIAL HOMES.—Bordered (Chester-le-Street).—We do not see how a rule made after your friend became a subscriber under the then existing conditions, and made without his knowledge and consent, can be binding upon him. You would find considerable difficulty in disposing of the bond for any considerable sum.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—P. R. B. (Molesey).—Much like the rest. Have nothing to do with them. R. H. (Bradford).—All the circulars you speak of should be put into the waste paper basket.

SALE OF BOND.—J. B. (Godalming).—We have informed our correspondent as requested.

MEXICO AND COLORADO SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—M. E. W. (Clapham Park).—Assuming the facts to be as you state them, the directors have no power to compel you to accept shares in a new company for the debenture stock you hold in this one. The better way would be to have a chat with your solicitor.

THE MANUFACTURERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. F. J. (Toronto).—We are obliged by the three booklets you send us.

BEST INSURANCE OFFICE.—L. T. B. (Suffolk).—The best office for your purpose is the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, at present at 1, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, E.C.

SAFETY OF INSTITUTION.—W. A. (Scarboro').—The objects of the Institution, as set forth are admirable, but as to the safety of deposits we are not able to speak with authority. We are not fully informed of the nature of the operations to which reference is made. Anyway, since there are other institutions of great financial strength with which you can deposit, our advice would be to go to one of them. Better a small rate of interest than a higher one where doubts are permissible as to absolute security.

BRITISH HOMES CORPORATION.—R. S. O. (Crownhill).—We note that you are now prepared to take £25 or any reasonable offer for two bonds in this company on which £3 14s. 1d. interest has to be added. On one bond there have been payments for five years, and on the other for six years, so that both can be borrowed upon at once. The total sum paid on the two bonds is £35, and you have bonus notes to the value of £2 11s., making a total of £37 11s. If any reader would like to make an offer we will forward it to our correspondent.

INVESTMENT OF £45.—A. R. P. (Enfield Highway).—We do not know of any book that would be of much use to you as to the best means of investing £45. We advise you to deposit it with the Birkbeck Bank. The interest given is low, but then the money will be safe. When you have saved some more it will be time enough to think about investing it, and when, say, it gets up to £100, consult us again. You may want to buy a house or something of that kind, but until you want it do not be in a hurry to take it out. Throw all touting circulars into the fire.

TREDEGAR AND DISTRICT MONEY SOCIETY.—E. B. (Tredegar).—We know nothing about this Society, but we have read through the "Prospectus" you have sent us and which is supposed to explain its merits. We learn that "the society has been formed with the purpose of encouraging all classes of people to avoid dealing with money lenders, whose dealings have been exposed in the House of Commons and the Law Courts," and that "the Society is of much value to both investors and borrowers," but we do not find the actual charge for loaned moneys which, after all, is the crux of the business.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—BONDS (Battersea Park Road).—If you want to buy the bonds in question—which we do not advise—do not buy from these people, who would charge you very much more than you could get them from, say, the Credit Lyonnais, of Cockspur Street. B. W. (London).—We are glad to hear that you are a constant reader of JOHN BULL but we fear you do not read this page, or you would know that we are constantly advising our readers not to have dealings with this concern.—T. S. B. (Walham Green).—You have agreed to pay much more than the market price, but since you have actually paid one-fourth of the money you had better pay the three other instalments as quickly as possible, and get the bonds.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER (Leicester).—The Association is strong financially, and they conduct their business honourably. If you are thinking of taking up a certificate why not try one of those offered through us and named in this issue? If you think well of the suggestion we will put you in communication with one of those named below. A. C. (Manchester).—We note that you have a bond for £300, upon which 4 years are paid up, which you wish to sell. What will you take for it? T. H. (Manchester).—The same question is applicable to your statement as to your £500 Bond. T. H. McL.—We note that you have a Bond for £500 for sale which is in the reduced interest section and matures in eight months, that is to say you have paid up £36 6s. 8d. of the £65 required to be paid for the £500 loan to be granted. We have put you in communication with the correspondent. Belgrave (London).—We note that you have two bonds for sale, one upon which £74 15s. has been paid over a period of five years and nine months, for which you will take £65, and another upon which £15 3s. 4d. has been paid over a period of fourteen months. The second bond has lapsed, but can be revived upon payment of one month's subscription. You are willing to sell for £12. We have put you in communication with one of our other correspondents. W. T. M. (Lewes).—We note that you have a £500 bond, on which you have paid up-to-date £33, for which you are open to an offer. C. B. R. (Birmingham).—We note that you have a bond for £500 dated October, 1900, on which you have paid £36 13s. 4d., and will sell it for that sum. We shall be much surprised if you get anyone to offer it. Constant Reader (Hornsey).—The Association has now been established many years. It is financially strong, and respectably managed. F. S. (Burton-on-Trent).—We have communicated with the correspondent to whom you refer. J. O. (Dunstable).—We will make your various offers known to the correspondent named. W. C. L. (Kingston-on-Thames).—We note you have "a ballot certificate" for £500, upon which £22 15s. has been paid to date, and that you would take £15 for it. Other readers interested will please note. A. J. (Haymarket).—We note you would take "an offer" for a £500 Bond on which £30 6s. 5d. has been paid in and no subscriptions paid for 13 months. If these were paid up it would be available for an advance in 12 months' time. A correspondent would like to know if any reader has a £50 Bond for sale. F. L. (Bristol).—We note you have a £500 Bond for sale, upon which you have paid £36 3s. 4d., and which you would sell at a "low figure." We will forward you any offer that may be made to us. A. V. S. (Belfast).—We note you have a £500 Bond for sale, but you do not give us the price. Please do so. W. T. M. (Lewes).—We note you have a £500 Bond upon which you have paid £33, and for which you would accept "a reasonable offer."

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

CONTRACTS AND CIRCULATION.

A curious case was heard by the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury last week, but we do not see any report of it in the daily press. It was a case in which a Mr. J. Fletcher sued a Newcastle firm for monies alleged to be due on account of an illustrated article dealing with the business of the firm which appeared in a monthly magazine, now known as *Gentlefolk*, of which the plaintiff is proprietor. We have a batch of correspondence before us which took place between Mr. Fletcher and another Newcastle tradesman, who also consented to have his business "written up" and illustrated in the *Gentlefolk*. Mr. Fletcher's practice appears to have been to communicate with tradesmen suggesting that they should consent to having their business described and premises illustrated in the *Gentlefolk*. Nothing was asked for the publication except this, that the person whose business was dealt with should buy the blocks with which the article was illustrated at the rate of 1s. 6d. an inch. Business men dealing with this branch of business will know that at this price a very large profit, something like a shilling an inch, would be made upon the blocks by Mr. Fletcher, and upon a profusely illustrated article of several pages this would mean a respectable sum. The Newcastle tradesmen canvassed agreed to these terms, but the defendant in the action to which we refer refused to pay on the ground that he was assured by Mr. Fletcher that the *Gentlefolk* had a large circulation, whereas it was unknown at Smith's bookstalls, and had in fact a very small circulation.

It does not appear to have been denied in Court that the circulation was small, but the plaintiff recovered, after a favourable summing up by the Lord Chief Justice, on the ground that a contract is a contract, and, whether the circulation be large or not, the terms of a contract must be fulfilled. This seems to be a strange ruling. Surely if one man induces another to buy his goods upon representations which are knowingly misleading, that other man ought not to be held to the bargain? However that may be, one is surprised that Newcastle tradesmen should have been induced to have their businesses described and illustrated by a journal of which they had never heard. One would have thought that before assenting and agreeing to pay for the description in the form of a fancy price for blocks, they would have made some inquiries as to the character of the circulation of the journal in which they were advertising, and the likelihood of its circulating among their customers. Very slight inquiries would have satisfied them that, whatever may be the merits of the *Gentlefolk*, it has not a circulation likely to be of much use to them. It is astonishing how credulous usually sharp folk can be at times.

BANKRUPTCY AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Some papers have been forwarded to us with respect to the bankruptcy of a member of the Civil Service—an Admiralty clerk. At the time of his bankruptcy (the receiving order was made on his own notice) this gentleman was in receipt of a salary of £240 per annum. That was in 1892. His salary is now £360. His unsecured liabilities were returned at £418 1s. 2d., assets *nil*. The debtor attributed his insolvency to "expenses having exceeded income." Our correspondent, who sends us the papers, is a creditor for a small amount, and his contention, submitted frequently to the Bankruptcy Department, is that a portion of the debtor's salary should be set aside for the benefit of his creditors.

This the Department declines to do. In a letter dated 25th February, 1907, Mr. Johnston, writing on behalf of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy, said that that official,

> After a careful consideration, has come to the conclusion that a further application to the Court to set aside part of the bankrupt's salary under Section 53 of the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, would not in the present circumstances be productive of any useful result.

Apparently a previous application to the Court on behalf of the Bankruptcy Department had failed. The section referred to enacts that:—

> Where the bankrupt is an officer of the Army or Navy, or an officer or clerk, or otherwise employed or engaged in the Civil Service of the Crown, the trustee shall receive for distribution amongst the creditors so much of the bankrupt's pay or salary as the Court, on the application of the trustee, with the consent of the chief officer of the department under which the pay or salary is engaged, may direct.

It is to be noted that the word used is "shall." The clause is mandatory. Why has it been ignored in the present case? And is this avoidance frequent? It must be remembered that civil servants are frequently given credit they could not otherwise get simply because they are in the Civil Service, which means life employment, and the law, as quoted, provides that in the event of bankruptcy a portion of their income is to be sequestrated for the benefit of their creditors.

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The firm in question, Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, is among the largest in the metropolis, and its directors are not only past-masters in the science and art of furnishing, but they are capable of taking large views. They realise that to insist, as all other high-class furnishing firms had hitherto insisted, on cash payment was to drive away that large section of the public who had not the immediate resources to meet the furnishing of a house or flat any more than they had to buy a house instead of renting it.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

CONTRACTS AND CIRCULATION.

A curious case was heard by the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury last week, but we do not see any report of it in the daily press. It was a case in which a Mr. J. Fletcher sued a Newcastle firm for monies alleged to be due on account of an illustrated article dealing with the business of the firm which appeared in a monthly magazine, now known as *Gentlefolk*, of which the plaintiff is proprietor. We have a batch of correspondence before us which took place between Mr. Fletcher and another Newcastle tradesman, who also consented to have his business "written up" and illustrated in the *Gentlefolk*. Mr. Fletcher's practice appears to have been to communicate with tradesmen suggesting that they should consent to having their business described and premises illustrated in the *Gentlefolk*. Nothing was asked for the publication except this, that the person whose business was dealt with should buy the blocks with which the article was illustrated at the rate of 1s. 6d. an inch. Business men dealing with this branch of business will know that at this price a very large profit, something like a shilling an inch, would be made upon the blocks by Mr. Fletcher, and upon a profusely illustrated article of several pages this would mean a respectable sum. The Newcastle tradesmen canvassed agreed to these terms, but the defendant in the action to which we refer refused to pay on the ground that he was assured by Mr. Fletcher that the *Gentlefolk* had a large circulation, whereas it was unknown at Smith's bookstalls, and had in fact a very small circulation.

It does not appear to have been denied in Court that the circulation was small, but the plaintiff recovered, after a favourable summing up by the Lord Chief Justice, on the ground that a contract is a contract, and, whether the circulation be large or not, the terms of a contract must be fulfilled. This seems to be a strange ruling. Surely if one man induces another to buy his goods upon representations which are knowingly misleading, that other man ought not to be held to the bargain? However that may be, one is surprised that Newcastle tradesmen should have been induced to have their businesses described and illustrated by a journal of which they had never heard. One would have thought that before assenting and agreeing to pay for the description in the form of a fancy price for blocks, they would have made some inquiries as to the character of the circulation of the journal in which they were advertising, and the likelihood of its circulating among their customers. Very slight inquiries would have satisfied them that, whatever may be the merits of the *Gentlefolk*, it has not a circulation likely to be of much use to them. It is astonishing how credulous usually sharp folk can be at times.

BANKRUPTCY AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Some papers have been forwarded to us with respect to the bankruptcy of a member of the Civil Service—an Admiralty clerk. At the time of his bankruptcy (the receiving order was made on his own notice) this gentleman was in receipt of a salary of £240 per annum. That was in 1892. His salary is now £360. His unsecured liabilities were returned at £418 1s. 2d., assets *nil*. The debtor attributed his insolvency to "expenses having exceeded income." Our correspondent, who sends us the papers, is a creditor for a small amount, and his contention, submitted frequently to the Bankruptcy Department, is that a portion of the debtor's salary should be set aside for the benefit of his creditors. This the Department declines to do. In a letter dated 25th February, 1907, Mr. Johnston, writing on behalf of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy, said that that official,

> After a careful consideration, has come to the conclusion that a further application to the Court to set aside part of the bankrupt's salary under Section 53 of the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, would not in the present circumstances be productive of any useful result.

Apparently a previous application to the Court on behalf of the Bankruptcy Department had failed. The section referred to enacts that:—

> Where the bankrupt is an officer of the Army or Navy, or an officer or clerk, or otherwise employed or engaged in the Civil Service of the Crown, the trustee shall receive for distribution amongst the creditors so much of the bankrupt's pay or salary as the Court, on the application of the trustee, with the consent of the chief officer of the department under which the pay or salary is engaged, may direct.

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SKIPPERS AND LIGHTHOUSES.

A WORD WITH THE TRINITY BRETHREN.

Few sights are more pathetic than that of the sea skipper who has been "broke" by the Board of Trade—who has "had his ticket dirtied," and a black mark placed against his name on the Captain's Book at Lloyd's. He is a disgraced and often a permanently ruined man.

It may astonish the British public to hear that many a captain is penalised when the fault of the collision, or stranding, or foundering was not his. It may astonish them still more to hear that many of the accidents that occur under the headlands of the Channel are due not to recklessness or slipshod navigation, but to the faults of the Trinity Brethren and their lighthouses. This is a charge not to be lightly made. But it is one that will be sustained by every skipper who is in the habit of rounding the corners of Great Britain.

Take the Lizard, for example. The Lizard, which is a veritable ships' graveyard, is one of the most risky parts of the British coast, and is rounded daily and nightly by a host of vessels. Perched up more than 200ft. above the level of the sea is a powerful electric light, which is supposed to warn the mariner. True, the light is an excellent one in clear weather, when it is least needed; but when the mists fall or the fog prevails it is useless. It is worse than useless, in fact, for its eclipse puzzles the mariner, and in groping around to get a glimpse of it he too often finds himself on the rocks. Lloyd's casualty list furnishes many a proof of this, but it is only when a "Mohegan" goes down and drowns her hundreds of passengers, or a "Suevic" takes the rocks, that the public turn their minds towards the fateful Lizard, and when the last thrilling paragraph relating to the disaster has been read that public begin to forget that the accident ever happened.

The Elder Brethren of Trinity House placed the Lizard lighthouse high up on the cliffs, doubtless for the purpose of showing the flash a great distance off. In doing so they forgot a fact—if ever they had realised it—that fog more often than not lies half-way up a headland, leaving the base clear. Anybody who lives near a bluff will understand this. Sometimes a belt of haze settles about half-way up, leaving the top and the bottom exposed; more often the bank settles towards the top. Such banks are quite common at the Lizard, with the result that the light cannot penetrate downwards to the sea, although it may shine skywards, where its effects are not wanted. A simple illustration for the Londoner may be given. Let him imagine a day when the fog is overhead, but the streets of the city are clear. He knows that the sun is shining above the fog, but cannot penetrate it. Once in a while he sees the orb in the shape of a dull red ball. Let him imagine the streets of London the sea, the sun the Lizard light, and the overhead fog the haze that cuts the beam of the lighthouse off from the mariner below.

It is well enough for the Board of Trade to make a victim of the captain who finds himself ashore for not having known to a yard where he was; but the means of navigation are as unreliable as the temper of a woman, and there is much to be said many times for the captains who pile up their ships and meet with the disaster which they all dread, and for which they are ever on the look out. Let us keep to the Lizard. A skipper approaches it at the end of a long voyage. He arrives at the neighbourhood in the dark. He looks out for the Lizard light and cannot see it. He takes soundings, but the soundings close inshore and out at sea are so similar thereabouts that he cannot determine his position. He relies, as he is supposed to do, on the rate of the tide and the distance it may carry his ship, without the possibility of knowing whether that rate is two knots per hour or half-a-dozen. Finally, like the skipper of the "Suevic" and many another, he finds himself ashore, although he has taken every precaution known to the ship's officer to navigate safely. Then comes the Board of Trade inquiry and the suspension of the captain, but nobody suggests that instead of the skipper the Elder Brethren of Trinity House should have been in the dock.

Here is a somewhat puzzling fact. The old light on Beachy Head was high up, and was often obscured by fog and haze, as the Lizard light is now. The Brethren shifted it down to its present low level on this account, and it is a thoroughly safe light. But they did not profit by their experience. When they came to erect the Lizard house they placed it just where it could be of the least use in hazy weather, and put in it an electric light, which every scientist declares is the worst possible illuminant in foggy times.

There are several other defective lights around the coast similarly placed, and their eclipse during haze has brought about many a wreck, and caused many a captain to be unjustly "broke." It has been my lot to frequently come around the Foreland and the Lizard, and to look in vain for the first-class lights that the sailing directions for the Channel indicate as being present. Many a time I have come around the South Foreland when the light was not even faintly visible, while the lights of Dover, St. Margaret's Bay, and elsewhere ashore were showing brightly; and other times I have come around the Land's End when the Lizard was not to be seen, but the rocky coastline was clear to the view.

This is a matter that Lloyd's should see to. Millions of pounds of underwriters' money is at risk, to say nothing about many thousands of lives, and it would be worth while for the great shipping concerns to jog the Trinity Brethren, and induce them to really make the navigation of our waters safe. They should also see to it that the reports periodically sent ashore from the lightships are arranged and published for the use of mariners. If the Brethren wished to do it they could from the lightship reports compile a very excellent and necessary work upon the variation in the rates of the tides. If they did so, and if they built their lighthouses where they would be of most use all the time, they would relieve the anxieties of the shipmaster, and save many a "piling up" and Board of Trade inquiry, to say nothing about the lives of crews and passengers. The Elder Brethren have long been arraigned before a jury of shipmasters, but when the master mariner finds the Brethren guilty he cannot pass more than private verbal judgment against them. On the other hand, the Board of Trade passes its judgment against the shipman, and when it declares it, it is an awful thing, and frequently means the blasting of the future of a man who came to disaster through no fault of his own.

A HEALTH TO OUR ALLY.

(Dedicated, without permission, to Prince Fushimi.)

'Ere's a 'ealf to yer, little Jap Jappy!
'Ere's a 'ealf to yer birfdyes all!
Yer jest the right sort fer to capture a fort,
An' to teach 'em some fings dahn Whitehall.
Yer've licked all the Rooshias in battle,
Yer've done wiv the crimson ov hell,
An' yer've picked up yer bed 'mid the gryves ov the dead,
In the deeps ov the dust where they fell.
Yer on'y a little 'un, blossom,
But yer've gort a big 'eart in yer chest,
An' when yer a-scrappin' they down't catch yer nappin',
So we've christened yer "One ov the Best";
We wish dahn Whitehall we had gort yer,
Jest ter clear aht the red tape an' sich,
Fer inside ov a year, 'ow yer'd knock 'em all queer!
An' they wouldn't know t'other from which.
Them Rooshias they called yer a 'eathen,
But yer played up yer gyme on the square,
An' many's the story cut aht fer yer glory
That's told in the medals yer wear;
Yer a gent, an' thet's straight, rosey-posey,
An' all British 'earts says the syme—
Where yer flag's prahdly flyin' yer won't be copped crying,
So we're prahd fer ter 'onour yer nyme.

T. D.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Earth is the Lord's.

A Certain Wayfarer, being an Hungered, spied some Luscious Apples Growing on a Tree in an Orchard.

He quickly Possessed himself of some of These, and was in the Way of making a Hearty Meal, when The Owner of the Orchard Came upon the Scene.

"How now, knave?" he said.

"Do you not know that This Land and All that grows Thereon belongs to Me? Come with Me. My fellow Justices of the Peace will see that you get a month for an Idle, Worthless Vagabond."

"But stay," said the wayfarer. "I have Read in a Book somewhere That the Earth is the Lord's and the First Fruits Thereof. Surely He Would not let me Go Hungry."

"You have been Misinformed," replied the Other. "I am not yet a Lord, but I live in hopes. Anyway, Don't Argue."

F. W. Thomas.

THE LIVING-IN SYSTEM.

We have received the following letter, which seems to us deserving of earnest attention. We would emphasise one particular point made by the writer, namely, that the living-in system means disfranchisement. A lodger in the ordinary sense of the term has a vote, but not a man who is "living-in." Remember what this means. The vast majority of drapers' assistants in London live in. Many of them are men of mature age. Nearly all of them are intelligent and active. Yet they have no vote. If they combine, as other sections of the community combine, to protect and further their own interests, they cannot bring pressure to bear upon Parliament, the pressure of the vote, which under our system of Government must precede reform. The outside worker has his union, or defensive organisation, which can put pressure upon Parliament, because behind the organisation are a number of men with votes, but the men who "live-in" can only appeal to the sense of right, which is of small practical value. Surely here is an anomaly that calls aloud for rectification. Our correspondent, himself an assistant, writes:—

I have been a regular reader of your publication ever since its inauguration, but never before has a letter so much impressed me as the one with reference to the living-in system, which you published in your last edition. For some years I was with the largest drapery house in that part of London, and therefore had no difficulty in recognising the menu, the items of which you so accurately set down. I am sure that your correspondent did not in any way exaggerate the disgraceful catering of this particular house. His description of the potatoes was woefully insufficient, for not only are they served in their dirty skins, but diseased potatoes and those with black wounds are served in the rusty tin bowls to which reference was made. He also omitted to mention the fact that should a man go up to a meal five or ten minutes late, he is expected to come down at the regular time, although the maximum time allowed is only half an hour for dinner and a quarter of an hour for tea. That the food supply is inadequate is evident from the fact that two men are employed every evening to serve at the restaurant in the library, and an additional staff is employed for cooking, etc., this being at the expense of the assistants. He also omitted to mention the fact that hot baths have to be paid for. The personal liberty of the assistant is not much interfered with, although it seems somewhat puerile that men well on in life must be in before 11 o'clock at night, or ask permission to sleep out. And then, sir, some of these assistants may wish to marry, and a little curiosity as to what consideration will be shown is not here out of place. Although the firm consider board and lodging to be worth 15s. per week, they only allow £10 per annum for a man to provide a home. Sir, we talk of our declining birth-rate, but here, it seems to me, is one of the prime causes of our gradual physical degeneracy. As a body we are equal in intellect and physique to any section of the community, and our patriotism and interest in Imperial matters can be correctly gauged from the number who volunteered to fight (and, if necessary, to die) for the sake of our country in the South African war.

And even now, sir, I have not by any means exhausted the vocabulary of evils for which this system is responsible. As a matter of fact, we are almost entirely disfranchised, and, in consequence, are unable to bring any substantial amount of pressure to bear on our members of Parliament. On every side we hear "Legislate, legislate, legislate!" But for whom? For the artisan, landlord, priest, and publican, but never for the shop assistant. When the number of our votes is worth consideration, then, and not till then, will this national evil receive from the Government that consideration and subsequent abolition which it so richly deserves. Cannot some influential member of Parliament be persuaded to bring the matter forward in order that the Government may once for all decide whether we shall "exist in" or "live out"?

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To A. B. Markham, M.P., Mining Engineer and Company Director.

Sir,—You are a bounder.

JOHN BULL.

Prince Whatshisname, The Nursery, Palace, Madrid.

My Dear Boy,—How do? Hope you are well. I trust you find things all you expected, and that you'll never be disappointed. Between ourselves, the world's not half a bad sort of place to come to, is it? A little large, perhaps, and mixed in regard to company, and apt to get on your nerves now and again, but, on the whole, lively and entertaining.

Really, therfore, there is no need for you to cry about it, except as an athletic exercise for expanding the lungs. It is also good to kick, but I pray you keep your toes out of your mouth—it is bad form. You may pull father's hair as much as you like in unofficial moments, also his nose, and even hit him on the crown.

Do you speak Spanish? If not, you had better let Hugo send you his famous treatise, "Spanish Made Easy," price, I think, two and six; or, better still, you go to him. (N.B.—This is a joke.) Pray enjoy yourself, and make yourself at home. Warm regards to mother and all inquiring friends.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Wire to the papers when you've cut a tooth.

P.P.S.—For pains in the *robe de nuit*, likewise in the *robe de jour*, try dill water, one cinder to a pint, and don't wake papa in the evenings. J. B.

Prince Fushimi, York House, London.

My Dear Prince,—I am exceedingly sorry I shall be unable to send you a seat for the "Mikado," as I intended, for a British functionary known as the Lord Chamberlain has prohibited further performances of that diverting play. Much to my regret, also, you will not be able to hear the music performed by his Majesty's naval bands, the First Lord of the Admiralty having stopped that also. I don't know whether they will allow Tommy Atkins to favour you with a bar or two, but to make sure you might call at a place called the War Office, inquiring for a learned gentleman named Haldane.

I admit you have a grievance against the Lord Chamberlain, but what can I do? He does not think you have intelligence enough to distinguish between a witty and tuneful artistic performance which has occupied the boards of British theatres for about a quarter of a century, and a stage lampoon deliberately written to insult your country and your august and enlightened sovereign. If I had my way, of course I should invite the Lord Chamberlain to give himself the sack; but he is a sort of Court official, you understand, and I make it a practice never to meddle with the Court.

In the circumstances, therefore, I am sure you will forgive his personal insult to you, as the poor man really meant well, and intended to pay you a compliment. Enjoy yourself all you can in London. You are very welcome, and if at any time you can induce your great Emperor to come over, I promise you we will all turn out into the streets, throw up our hats for him, and give him three times three with one over. Remember me to all the good, brave folk at home.

JOHN BULL.

To Jacob Popp, Tobacconist, High Wycombe.

Dear Poppy,—I note that you have been again convicted and fined under that absurd and obsolete Lord's Day Observance Act of Charles II.—who must certainly have been very "merry" when he sanctioned it—and that this makes your 281st appearance at court. I am not a smoker, as you are doubtless aware, but also I am not a faddist, and therefore my sympathies are with you. But perhaps you don't need them? A whisper reaches me that the more you pop up the more popular you become, and that you—as well as the court—are making a "fine" thing out of it. Is that so? Does the trade in "rags" and "weeds" prosper? But even popularity has its drawbacks, and I saw—with grief—that an ode was recently addressed to you by *Punch*. Odious! To be prosecuted and fined in the way of business is one thing, but to be used as an ingredient for making Punch! I appreciate your feelings. I presume you will keep on popping up until you pop off. When I am down your way I will pop in.

P.S.—How's the weasel? JOHN BULL.

To the Churchwardens of St. Lawrence, New Brentford.

Gentlemen,—Since the Rev. T. Eland left the vicarage, I am told that nobody will have the living as a gift. Well, it isn't what you could call a living, is it? A hundred and twenty pounds a year, I understand, net income, with grounds which cost about £200 a year to keep in adequate repair. I can't tell you what to do. Parsons come to you, look round, make inquiries, and depart hence. The one who accepts St. Lawrence must have a private income, and persons with private incomes naturally want a livelier place than New Brentford for their money. Better put your heads together and cogitate on the means of increasing the income. Are there no lords, or millionaires, or brewers in the district willing to help? Have a good look round. The Bishop of the Diocese may be willing to start the subscription with a hundred guineas. *Nil desp.*

JOHN BULL.

The Members of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London.

Nice fellows you are, to be sure. Now, just tell me, candidly and honestly, do you know a work of art when you see one? What is your opinion of the difference between a work of art and a Christmas almanac? In the nobler works of sculpture, do you know marble from old Stilton, or bronze from putty?

You are in a mess again—a ridiculous mess. You have distinguished yourselves this year by the rejection of Mr. Conrad Dressler's bust of Queen Ena of Spain. The New Gallery at once admitted it, and then you promptly requested its return on the ground that it had been thrown out by mistake. Return was refused; so you had to explain that the King had commanded the bust to be exhibited at the Academy. You exhibit your own pictures, and plenty of 'em, but nobody who has anything original to utter in paint, bronze, or marble need expect any encouragement from you. It isn't a Royal Academy you should run, but a picture-frame factory. Adieu, till I next pay my shilling at the gate.

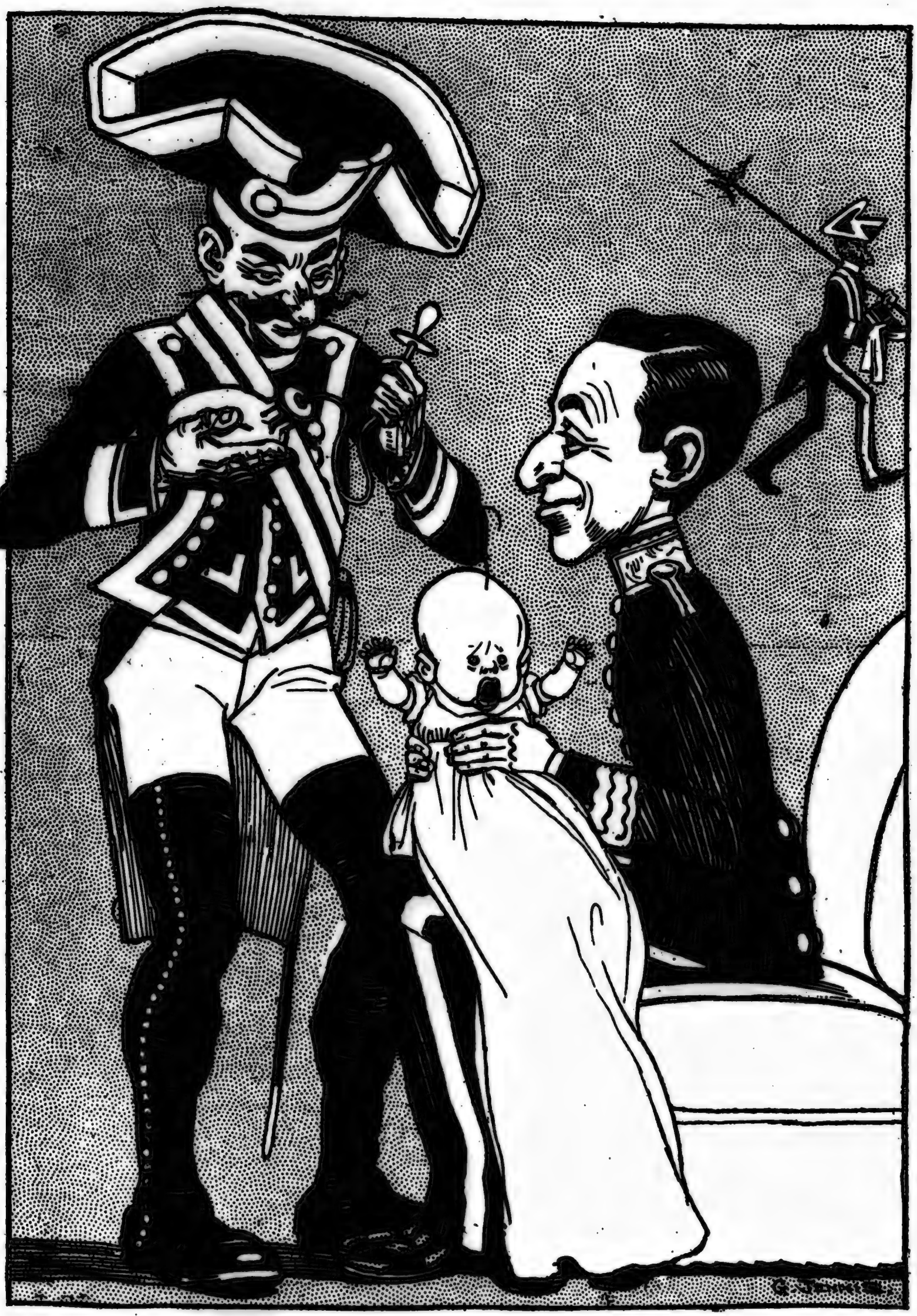
JOHN BULL.

To Big Ben, Clock Tower, Westminster.

In trouble again, Ben? I'm surprised at you, I am, really. After all the money you've cost in doctors, too. Are you too old at forty, or what? Only a few months ago your hands and face were washed, and now you've gone wrong again, and you are to be stopped during the Whitsuntide recess, and mended, and scraped, and cleaned out internally. The result is that when I want to know the time I shall have to ask a policeman.

If you don't go after this next doctoring I shall have to ask Parliament to take serious notice of you, and then perhaps you'll lose your job, and be out of work for ever. You are getting a nuisance. You remind me of the man with the half-a-crown watch. He said that when the minute hand pointed to twenty minutes to six, and the hour hand was at a quarter to four, he knew it was twelve o'clock, and time to go to dinner. Pray do not let me have to speak to you in this way again, or I shall teach you what o'clock it is.

JOHN BULL.



THE YEOMEN OF THE——NURSERY!

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Some Plays and Some Critics.

It used to be said that the prime feature of the Dutch character was a tendency to give too little and to ask too much. Whether this habit was (or is) peculiarly Dutch I will not consider for the moment. What we may all agree upon is that the Dutchman's strongest point is not his sense of humour. Certainly some of the Dutch painters of the old school had a keen eye for comic action as well as for water butts; and the Dutch admirals of an older day were given to bad naval jokes at our expense. Kruger and De Wet may also be granted to the apologist for Dutch humour as rare exceptions to the almost invariable rule. It is the Dutch writing man, especially the Dutchman who writes for or about the theatre, upon whom especially I have my eye; the Dutch dramatist, the Dutch critic—even the Dutch actor. A few years ago a wonderfully able actor from the Low Countries came to London and thrilled all good judges of the art by his magnificent and versatile gift for tragedy. But he thought he was a great comedian, and he attempted to achieve the impossible in the rôle of a heavy comic father. Before he knew where he was the theatre was closed, and his backers were wrangling about their respective shares of the responsibility.

Dutch Humour.

This lamentable lack of capacity for discerning what is ludicrous and what is not has been brought home to me forcibly this week by a letter from a Dutch club in London, asking me to attend a meeting called for—what do you think? To consider what recognition should be made to the fact that a certain Dutchman, resident in England for many years and familiar to the readers of a Teutonic-toned London Sunday journal as a writer on the theatre, has just completed ten or fifteen, or twenty or twenty-five years (I am not sure of the number, for I lit my pipe with the circular) as a dramatic critic. The petitioners for my support are very much in earnest; I am only somewhat amused. They think dramatic criticism in London means a great deal—especially Anglo-Dutch-Jewish criticism. I do not think that dramatic criticism in London matters a bit, save when it ceases to be dramatic criticism at all; when the writers are men of genius like Max and G.B.S., or men of extraordinary humorous talent or literary distinction, like Mr. Walkley or Mr. Courtney. The dramatic critics of London have formed themselves into a club or an association lately, and I am very glad they have done so, for there are managers—and managers, and some of them think that five shillings per week or more paid to a newspaper in return for the advertisement of their house should give the right of a breezy censure on the comments of the dramatic critic. "Such men are dangerous," and the only way to bring them to their senses, and to keep them there, is by common action among the general body of their possible victims. So long as the club confines itself to practical matters of this kind, and to eating friendly dinners, it will flourish like the parson's green bay horse; but it must not take itself too seriously. Someone said once that the society which had forgotten how to laugh at itself was doomed; and the saying was wise, in small things as in large. It applies to individuals as well as to organisations, and it should be remembered always, and peculiarly by the critics of the drama in England. The amiable Anglo-Dutch-Jewish gentleman to whom I have referred once went so far as to collect in book form his criticisms on the British drama—which he is wont to call, with beautiful self-abnegation, "our drama." He collects them no longer, from which fact I conclude that the public refused to join with him in magnifying his office. Mr. William Archer (who also should have been born a Dutchman instead of a Scotch-Australian) was guilty of a similar indiscretion, and its end was the same. Volumes of reprints from Max and A.B.W., self-collated, we might welcome; but both Max and A.B.W. have a sense of humour, if not a passion of modesty. All the London critics are fine fellows, and I love them. But I would as soon subscribe money to commemorate their first effort in an evil and deservedly ill-requited art as I would to re-gild the Albert Memorial or to present Mr. Frank Richardson with a set of false whiskers.

The Wave of Melodrama.

We have been told so often in the past that this sort of play and the other sort of play was dead and done with, and we have so frequently seen the deceased lively and kicking a year or two later with a new name, that some of us begin to doubt the eternal application of hard and fast rules to the theatre and the popular taste for amusement. A few years ago, when the Princess's shut up for the last time, and the Adelphi changed its tune, "the good old melodrama" was lamented as an irrecoverable "goner" by elderly gentlemen of primitive sentiments. But all that has actually happened is a change of description. The melodrama remains, and will remain always the bed-rock of the people's plays, because the ordinary playgoer must be very much of an up-grown child (I am one myself and do not blame myself for it), and children revel in the improbable and preposterous passed off as the real. London is full of drama to-day, fine drama that is nothing more than melodrama with the first part of the label smudged. The dramatic authors are ashamed of the ancient badge of all the successful among their tribe, from Shakespeare down to Mr. Pinero.

Old and New.

What was "The Merchant of Venice" but the wickedest of melodrama? What "His House in Order," that most attractive bundle of theatrical tricks? What was all that mattered of "The Walls of Jericho" to the man in the pit? In so far as "John Glayde's Honour" is really true to human nature, and is conceived in the spirit of comedy, as Meredith defined it, in so far will Mr. Sutro's play be less pecuniarily remunerative at the St. James's than his Garrick triumph, or Mr. Pinero's last artful bit of playwrighting. Again, "The Duel" of Lavedan, in which Mr. Bourchier is acting so well, and Miss Vanbrugh so superbly at the Garrick; what is it but the old melodrama decked anew? "The Scarlet Pimpernel" at the New (550th performance) is hardly even decked anew. But the people see and hear it gladly; and the people are quite right to go and enjoy the things they like, whether their masters and pastors praise or condemn. Half our pretended taste is sheer unadulterated snobbery, and almost as much of it is ignorance. Watch a swell audience at the first night of a new play! Ten per cent. of the men and one per cent. of the women will delight in the wit and wisdom (if any); a few of these will snigger at what they term the "tosh" or the "nonsense" (*i.e.*, the melodrama) according to their sex. The rest of the house will wake up with a start whenever there is a strong physical action on the stage, as distinguished from mental or spiritual or moral action; that is to say, they will be interested in the melo-dramatic, rather than the comedy-dramatic elements of the piece.

The Humbug at the Play.

We are as God made us, and I condemn neither myself nor my equally weak brethren for delighting in Mr. James Welch's artistry with a coal-scuttle or a piece of old armour more than in Mr. Sothern's very excellent Hamlet. I condemn myself and the others only when we refuse to own up, and when we look down upon the honest people who do. The theatres are as full of melodrama just now as the papers of Mr. Deakin and Miss Terry and the Lord Chamberlain. And, as you may find by trying it, melodrama is very good theatrical wear indeed, especially melodrama with modern comedy fixings, or melodrama to music—which is what grand opera is, and naught else. At the Criterion there is "The Liars," the most melodramatic of the later plays of our greatest melodramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—a fine play finely done. At the Aldwych you can see "Strongheart," one of the most effective plays ever written in America—a clever study of U.S. college life, built around a civilised Red Indian and a white girl. At the Duke of York's the greatest English actress, still in her prime, Miss Marie Tempest, is making Mr. Clyde Fitch's very thin play, "The Truth," appear to be a hundred times better than it is—a brilliantly fascinating performance. At the Lyric, Lewis Waller, the darling of the gods and the girls in the circle, is Clancarty "to the life"—to the life as it must be lived behind the footlights, which is melodramatically. "The Stronger Sex," at the Royalty, "Mr. George," at the Vaudeville (with Mr. Hawtrey in melting mood), "Mrs. Wiggs," at Terry's—a play especially well worth seeing, despite its horrific crowd of Yankee children; these and a dozen others could be named, all, all the old familiar melodramatic types and tags simply re-grouped and refurbished with new back-cloths. It must be so, or the theatres would have to close up.

The Few and the Many.

A few of us who live largely in the imaginary world of books and pictures, to whom the world of fancy is as real as the world of Fleet Street, we few are glad to find at the Court or other theatre clear-cut pieces from the real life of man, selected by artists and artistically framed; pieces like "The Voysey Inheritance," "The Return of the Prodigal," and the like; and in the alternative, delicate works of art such as "Prunella," whose understanding makes some demands upon the brain and the soul, as well as the eye and the cruder emotions. But for most men and women, the hard workers of the world, the winners and the losers in the race of life alike, reality is something to forget in their scanty hours of leisure. The theatre offers them forgetfulness, and they embrace it with a humble eagerness. The great melodramatist has no need to feel ashamed of his art; it is as old as first man, as young as the latest baby.

P.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

VIII.—ASPECTS OF THE HUMAN DIAL.

Rummaging in the penny box on a bookstall the other day, I chanced across threepenny-worth of literature entitled "Revelations of the Human Face," illustrated. The author of this profound treatise appears on the title-page as "L. N. Fowler." Who Mr. Fowler is, was, or may be, I have not the slightest knowledge. He seems, however, to be a gentleman of discernment. He reads faces as some people read the dial of a clock. It would be no use taking into Mr. Fowler's company a face which is not free from crack, flaw, or blemish, for he would discover it at once. If a nose had not been put on straight, or a mouth had slipped, or an ear were sticking too far out at the side, he would read your character straight off, and I am going to a beauty doctor to get my face altered. I do not want to be found out.

I read that nobody has the angelic look except those who are angelic. I do not quite agree with that; I know by sight several angelic-looking people whom I wouldn't trust out of church. But there seems no reason to doubt the statement that "there are good eyes and bad eyes, bright and dull, strong and weak, large and small, old and young," for I have noticed this myself. It should be added that there are also eyes which change colour. Many a loving wife, whose only thought in this life is to make home happy and keep her husband from inebriating refreshment, has two blue eyes in the morning and at least one black eye at night. This is indicative of a receptive faculty. When once her husband gets an idea, she is struck with it.

Then, in regard to noses. Mr. Fowler says that noses should be straight and in the middle of the face. When one comes to think of it, the requirement seems reasonable. The author has noticed that the functions of the nose are to breathe and smell. If anybody has got it into his head that his nose is to eat with, or drink with, or play the piano with, or stick into other people's business, he is mistaken. Moreover, it cannot be too strongly impressed on people that the proper length of the nose is one-third the length of the face, reckoning from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. This may be called the standard size. A nose half the length of the face would attract attention wherever it appeared. A large nose is not to be trifled with; it is worth money. A nose you have to look for before you find it appears to be of no consequence whatever. Indeed, some noses appear to be worth ten thousand a year, while others would be dear at fourpence a dozen. If you have a nose like General Booth you are certain to get on in life. Nothing can stop you. It is not the clothes which make the man, but the shape and size of the proboscis.

Concerning the mouth, I learn that quality as well as size must be taken into account. For instance, there are mouths with a large input and a copious outgo—especially in restaurants and Parliament. They do not necessarily indicate high capacity; mouths must be judged apart from food and wind. If you have fine, delicately-organised, clearly and beautifully-outlined lips, you have an exquisite susceptibility and a corresponding mental delicacy. Then, says the author, "there are cold, dead lips, warm kissing lips," and others.

Now, here is a fact about ears which it is well to know: "Ears are made for hearing; the larger the ear the better for hearing." You may have noticed the same thing about buckets. They were made to fill; the bigger they are the more they hold. To be a perfect example of classic architecture the length of the ears should be the same as the nose. The ears of elephants and jackasses, you will note, run larger. This is not a good sign. What arrests my attention about the cheek is the statement that "a round, full cheek in harmony with the rest of the face and head, indicates balance of power and consistency." The author says, "John Bull has a full cheek." I am not prepared to deny it. The cheek of JOHN BULL is his glory and his pride, his strength and his influence. It is not only a full cheek, but it is a manly, straightforward, candid cheek. This is one reason why everybody likes it. They would not be happy without it.

I do not propose to follow the author further in his remarkable revelations, except to note his statement that "a short, broad chin can manage a good square aldermanic dinner." Personally, I have always supposed that this talent was more intimately associated with the possession of a large, round, and protuberant ongbongpong. But there you are again. One's cherished delusions are always being swept ruthlessly aside. Life is full of surprises.

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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ADDERLEY.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Behold the Days Come: A Fancy in Christian Politics." By James Adderley. London: Methuen, 1907. 3s. 6d.

The author is the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, whose casual compliments are minutely recorded in the recent biography of Bill Crooks. He tells us, with all the emphasis of capital letters: "This is a tract, not a novel." But, he adds, "this does not mean that it deals with little choir-boys who steal apples, and then get consumption and repent on the advice of a district visitor. Nor will it tell you why that notorious burglar, William Sikes, after he was caught picking the lock of the churchwarden's till, was forgiven by the Rector, and took to going to church" (observe that Mr. Adderley writes Rector with a big R and church with a little c), "where he is now to be seen taking round the bag. Nor will it relate how a ritualistic priest met an old lady in a railway carriage, heard from her for the first time in his life what it was to be a Christian, then married her and became a happy widower at Brixton." As a matter of fact, it tells us things far more foolish and improbable than any of these. I should call it the mongrel offspring of a tract and a novel, for it possesses all the narrow, consequential arrogance of one parent, all the inaccuracy and unreality of the other.

FRANTIC HUMOUR.

Mr. Adderley labours abundantly to be funny. His fond idea seems to be that, if he can amuse, he will be read, and, if he be read, he may convince. At the outset, we are introduced to an infidel lecturer in Hyde Park.

This man, John Baptist Heathcote, as a rule held his audience spellbound, not so much by eloquence as by a certain dogmatic manner which made them think that there was no answer that could be given to any of his arguments. Like the proverbial Englishman, he never knew when he was beaten. Nor had he often run the risk, for most of his opponents in the Park were badly furnished with replies. There was one great deficiency which accounted for many of the defeats of Heathcote's adversaries. They were all of them lacking in humour. Heathcote, on the other hand, was a master hand at jokes. The audience loved him for his fun. To listen to him was a Sunday recreation, and the defeat of a Christian was looked upon more as a triumph of wit which they admired than as a serious blow to a religion which in their inmost hearts the majority of the hearers still believed to be true.

CONTROVERSIAL JOKES.

On this particular occasion he was answered by a controversialist, who was also a jester.

He was a clergyman. He was dressed in a plain black cassock, but otherwise had not the appearance of an ascetic or a recluse, such as English people generally associate with that costume, except in the case of the Bluecoat boys.

"Petticoats!" cried the lean youth.

"Why, it's Farver John!" said a drunken-looking docker. "Gawd bless yer, farver, give it 'em hot."

"Father John" was a jolly-looking individual, and seemed to be looking forward to the debate with something like glee.

He had evidently studied an open-air audience to some purpose. He began by putting himself in their good books by a little good-humoured reference to the cassock incident, remarking that it was not the first time that his petticoats had caused astonishment.

"I am quite used to it," he said. "Why, only on my way down here from Limehouse this afternoon, somebody informed me that I had got his old wife's nightgown on. To which I replied, 'My dear sir, if your good lady's bed garment is as black as that, pray get her to have it washed.' Someone else cried out after me, 'Charley's Aunt still runnin'.' To this I answered, 'My good friend, there I think you are misinformed. I have seen the play six times, but just at the present it's not on the boards, at least at any London playhouse.' Another gentleman asked me where my crinoline was, to which I replied, 'You big booby, don't you know they're out of fashion?'"

FRESH FOOLING.

Thus were the hosts of infidelity put to confusion. In a similar spirit, Mr. Adderley essays to prove that his particular form of Christianity and his particular form of Socialism are the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. Some of his tract is fairly good fooling. There is, for instance, a delicious description of the Dean of Doncaster's service in Dukery Square, where we find the Duchess of Derwentwater fumbling for a threepenny bit for the collection, as she warbles in a deep contralto voice:

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small."

Then we have Mrs. Market Hatcham, who exclaims, "Oh, I never carry out sermons, it's quite hard work enough listening to them." And here is plenty of fun when Vincent Heathcote (the converted son of the Secularist lecturer) goes to stay with Lady Spicebox, the Socialist hostess.

Vincent felt very strange. It was so stiff. The butler seemed to treat him as if he were a new prisoner just lodged in gaol. He expected to be told to have a bath and put on convict's clothes. A nice-looking warder—that is to say, footman—was told off to show him his room where he could wash his hands before tea. But William (that was his name) seemed quite surprised and even frightened when Vincent put his arm into his and said, "Come along and show me the room," just as he would have done to one of the sidesmen at St. Martin's. The other footmen laughed. . . . After all, the sons of a duke had been known to kiss the housemaid at Alabaster. Why shouldn't this Heathcote fellow go arm in arm with William? But William was more astonished still when they arrived at the bedroom, and Vincent began to talk quite naturally to him about his home and his family, and to ask him if he had made his Christmas Communion.

"It's awfully nice of you, sir, to talk like this," he said, "but I think I ought to tell you, sir, it won't do in the drawing-room or the dining-room when the other gentry are about. They wouldn't like it."

Vincent laughed. "Look here, William," he said. "Of course you know I'm not one of the gentry, and I may make mistakes."

ETIQUETTE FOR LABOUR LEADERS.

So he asks William to give him a few hints. And William tells him not to address the ladies as "sister," nor to ask for a second helping at dinner, nor to put his napkin under his chin, nor to talk across the table, nor to eat cheese with his knife. It appears that Bill Bunks, the Labour M.P., perpetrates all these enormities when he stays at Alabaster.

Mr. Adderley is unconsciously hard on Bill Bunks, who bears a suspicious likeness to a certain live demagogue, avowedly admired by our author. Nor is he very kind to a nobleman, who appears under the thin disguise of Lord Haypence, who picks his teeth with a fork.

FATHER VAUGHAN REDIVIVUS.

Space is pressing, so I must cut the cackle and come to the political theology, which inspired this book. Mr. Adderley is convinced that there is something rotten in the state of England. All round him he charitably perceives covetousness and selfishness and mammon-worship and industrial anarchy and moral confusion. He denounces the luxury and idleness of the rich and the unequal distribution of riches. His remedies are "equality of opportunity" and common ownership of land and capital. We have all heard something very like this many times before. Every tub-thumper uses language of this kind. But Mr. Adderley differs from the average tub-thumper by a wild endeavour to combine ritualism with the dreams of Socialism.

THE NEW RITUALISM.

He is not very happy in his ritualism, and seems quite as vague about it as he is in his attempts to solve the problems of poverty. He sneers at people who discourse upon "the iniquity of burning candles in daylight"; he reproves deans who "carefully disobey the law by not wearing copes in cathedrals"; he commends vestments because East-enders consider them "smarter than what the Mayor of Limehouse wore"; he protests that it is more important to abolish rookeries and lessen public-houses than to forbid the Confessional. And when Protestants insist upon the Northward position, he tells us that one of his many heroes, "Father Ball, would probably have refused, not because he is a Ritualist, but because he is an Englishman, who won't be bullied into anything."

All this is not very convincing, but we are to take it that, without Christianity, by which he means ritualism, the desired regeneration of England by Socialism can never succeed. "Why should men have equality of opportunity? We Christians alone can answer: Because in the eyes of God, Who made them, they are all equal." I should like to know Mr. Adderley's authority for this wild statement, and I should like to ask him how he reconciles it with the patent fact that men never have been and never can be equal.

NOT BREAD BUT BOTANY.

Little as I think of Mr. Adderley as a theologian, I think still less of him as a politician. His panacea consists in pulling down all existing institutions, apparently even the Church, and rendering mankind happy for ever by multiplying tramways and garden cities and botany classes and other excellent institutions, which affect only the details of life. I am afraid he will not make many converts, unless his readers are attracted by the fact that all the Ritualist-Socialists in the book are rewarded with fat offices of profit. Vincent Heathcote, the infidel lecturer's son, becomes a bishop; his friend, Mr. Kesterton, becomes Prime Minister; even William, the footman, becomes a parson.

"'Oh, dear, oh dear, oh dear!' said Lord Barton."

THE MISERE AT BRIDGE.

BY S. M. GLUCKSTEIN:

An insatiable craving for novelty is characteristic of all peoples and all periods. The complaint is sometimes wrongly diagnosed, and it even has been known on occasion to be ascribed to a genuine belief in mundane reform. But by whatever name it is distinguished, it follows a normal course, though not always with satisfaction to the patient. So far as Bridge is concerned, it is obvious that there is room for change and improvement. In some instances the laws are vague; in others they operate disadvantageously to the weaker side. On this point, I take it, all players are agreed. When, however, it is proposed to destroy one of the well-balanced features of the game a word of protest may justly be spoken. In the card-playing world Bridge has become pre-eminent because of its complete originality, no less than because of the liberal choice of the declaration it offers. No game, indeed, gives so much scope for skilful manipulation or deep finesse. Why, then, seek to alter it? Why attempt to add to its complexities and render it not only more speculative, but more tedious into the bargain? If the misere at Bridge "catches on," which I seriously doubt, it would entirely change the complexion of the game, because it would mean the elimination of the spade call, except in those cases where the declaring side required, say, only two or four points, and possessed strength in that particular suit. Now the object of the spade call is first and foremost to provide a cheap means of escape from a very poor hand. What the proposers of the misere apparently contemplate is to make the poorer set of hands more valuable than the fat holdings of their opponents. In other words, they boldly borrow an idea from solo whist, and, having distorted it to their liking, put it forward as a feature destined to increase the popularity of Bridge. As a matter of fact, the term "misere," as applied in the present instance, is an undoubted misnomer. The caller of misere at Solo is set a difficult task, because his declaration fails immediately he is compelled to take a trick. But in the Bridge "variety" the declarants would add to their score even if they had made six tricks. The idea savours somewhat of a combination of golf and tennis, or billiards and ping-pong. That it should have provoked enthusiasm in any quarter is not easy to understand. Indeed, the more carefully this new-fangled suggestion is examined, the stronger becomes the conviction that it will never appeal to players who are content to let well alone, and who, in any circumstances, would not acquiesce in a suggestion so revolutionary in character.

As already observed, one of the effects of the misere at the Bridge table would be to practically do away with spade declarations. But its influence would not stop here unfortunately. We should see it reflected in the abandonment of the protective call in the red suits. If, by the way of illustration, the dealer left the call, and dummy held, say, six diamonds headed by queen and knave, with no support outside, he would not, as now, make diamonds trumps, but seek shelter under the misere. The dealer, again, with a hand closely approximating to a Yarborough, would adopt the same plan. The misere, therefore, means that the vital principles of the game are to be undermined, assuming it to become fashionable. But setting aside all these formidable objections, there is yet another strong argument against the misere at Bridge, and that is the unconscionable amount of time consumed in playing it. No, all things considered, the case for the proposed innovation is a bad one. It certainly is not original in the accepted sense of the term, and its solitary claim to merit, if merit it be, is that it gives value to otherwise worthless cards. We should not be justified, however, in order to secure this doubtful advantage, in sacrificing so many other considerations of as much or greater importance.

THE DIFFERENCE.

No sooner has a British Prince
  What I may call an earth-right,
Than every spot in Britain's realm
  Is his—is his by birthright;
But down in Spain it's different,
  And I will stake a flagon
No Spanish Prince can just at first
  Lay claim to have Aragon.

THE RENARD ROAD TRAIN.

In view of the public issue which has just closed, we refer our readers to the particulars respecting the train itself, appearing upon another page. The issue has caused very widespread interest throughout the country, and we wish the undertaking every success.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Dogs.

An imaginative writer in one of Lord Northcliffe's journals tells his readers that the larger breed of dogs is now in fashion. Apparently he doesn't know what he's talking about, as, with the exception of the retriever, a gun dog, it is the smaller breeds, such as the Pekinese, Pomeranian, Scotch, Irish and fox terriers, the bull dog and cocker spaniel, which are finding the most favour not only in the breeders', but also in the judges' and "doggy" women's eyes.

This same well-informed journalist goes on to state that the borzoi is a fashionable breed. Now for the truth; which is that this Russian wolf-hound is going out even as rapidly as has the mastiff and the long-backed field spaniel.

I have kept, together with a cocker kennel, one or two of these hounds, but I have found, as have others, that the race has been far too finely bred in skull to be anything other that highly strung, nervous, and uncompanionable.

The borzoi is used for sport in Russia—the wolf-hound is much the same as our foxhound—and is a totally different animal to that seen at British shows, being broader skulled, and therefore more intelligent; over here he is only fit for show and admiration. It is true that the Great Dane, Germany's boar-hound, is more popular than formerly, but I very much doubt if he ever will be a hot favourite.

Youthful Stage Lovers.

The question is often asked, "Are women and men too old at sixteen?" The following experience shows that there is yet hope for those who have passed twenty. I was, recently, at a successful provincial performance of "My Sweetheart," where the youthful lovers, Tony and Tina, were admirably portrayed. I learned afterwards, from a friend of the performers, that the united ages of the two ardent stage lovers totalled 120.

An "Altogether"!

I have just seen a photograph of Mr. Edgar Jepson, whose stories concerning "Lady Noggs" have endeared him to the hearts of children. He is photographed, not with his hand to his brow, as is, I believe, the correct pose for writers, bishops, and actors to adopt, but in a weird costume, an "altogether," which in his spare moments he has invented.

This costume promises great possibilities, really very great possibilities. For instance, the actor whom one so often sees at rehearsals wearing a frock coat and flannel trousers, would look in Mr. Jephson's suit, quite, or almost, like a normal human being, while the member of Parliament who wears white duck trousers and a purple overcoat would—(That'll do.—Editor).

Women on the Land.

An energetic woman with a liking for an outdoor life may take up country work with a pretty sure chance of success. Poultry-keeping is a pursuit requiring but little hired labour, and, providing the pens are well arranged, and the food suitable to the stock, the woman fowl farmer should do admirably.

Bee-keeping is another light form of farm work to be recommended, and one which requires rather more dexterity than mere muscle. Pigeon-breeding offers an excellent opening for the country woman; pheasant rearing stands as much chance in a woman's as in a man's hands. The golden pheasant is, perhaps, the best and most easily kept of the breed, so that a beginner could not do better than to go in for these. The cock bird is superbly plumaged; the feathers, used so much for the purpose of artificial fly-making, are alone of a certain value. He is a friendly-disposed bird, and if at all petted, becomes, in a short time, quite tame.

Women can make a bit, too, out of ornamental waterfowl, rabbit, cat, and dog breeding, while dairy farming, market gardening, and the growth of fruits and flowers are both pleasurable and remunerative pursuits not to be ignored by the work-needing country woman.

Straw Hats.

Straws, either fine or coarse, will now be in general request, of course. Almost anything may be used to trim such; poppies, or corn-flowers, together with a few stalks of gold oats or wheat would prove a happy combination.

It is really quite a simple matter to select and blend such pretty colours as are seen in Paris hat shops. Mark the hues in a single tricoloured butterfly; in the critolines of the tulips, and in many another bright garden or wild flower; the blues of the twilight, and yet again the reds, golds, pinks, of the dawns, or, if you are a lazy, late rising person, then in the Sévres clouds to be seen on many windful summer afternoons.

A Possibility.

Striped taffetas and muslins are to be worn through the season, but to those who are undesirous of producing a zebra effect in the streets, I would suggest checked silks or stuffs.

A red and white taffetas would be delightful, also a green and mauve, green and white, blue and green.

Possibly, because stripes and checks are the order of to-day, and also because of the increasing proneness of society people to crime, the broad arrow may be the order of to-morrow.

The Dandelion.

This very common weed that is to be found in unattended gardens, fields, ditches, and in the hedge roows is, in reality, a useful plant, inasmuch as it is of value to the farmer for his live stock, to the housewife for the composition of salads; to the apothecary for making into pills for the purifying of the blood and the cure of jaundice.

Asparagus.

The usual, but incorrect way, in which the English cook asparagus is to lay the vegetable full length in water and so boil for twenty minutes to half-an-hour. By the end of that time the tops are cooked to tasteless rags, while the stalks remain hard and uneatable. Here's a better way. Get hold of a very tall saucepan, cut the asparagus to the required length, and stand it up on its beam ends in the pot, in which, of course, there is already water. Cover the saucepan and put over the fire. In half-an-hour or three-quarters the stalks will be quite tender and eatable, while the tops, which have been cooked by steam, will be found to have retained all their sweet flavour.

To Wash Silks.

When washing silks add a teaspoon or tablespoonful of methylated spirit to the last rinsing water. It will restore the gloss and softness of the silks.

To Remove Tar Stains.

To remove tar stains from clothing, soak in a small basin containing cocoa-nut oil, or sweet oil if the other is unobtainable. After the material has been well soaked in the oil, wash in soapy warm water, dry in the sun, then iron, when all traces of the tar stain will have disappeared.

Books by Women.

"The Love Stone," by Alice and C. Askew (Sisleys, Limited), is a very conventional Irish story somewhat pleasingly told. In this book you will find a witch, and a blind piper who plays tenderly to charm all troubled breasts. There are other characters, taken even as these two might be, from one of Ireland's interesting guide books.

"The Lost Word," by Evelyn Underhill (W. Heinemann), is not a novel likely to find much favour in the reader's eye. Miss Underhill may have humour and a certain charm of style, but, as yet, she has little knowledge of true character.

"The Husband Hunter," by Olivia Roy (Laurie), is the somewhat unpleasing title of a not altogether unpleasing book. One becomes a trifle wearied, however, of the smart but not always natural dialogue which fills almost every page. Taken on the whole, the episode and its results of Joanna March's husband-hunting are worth reading.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Constant Reader," who does not appreciate Mrs. Bull's "weekly twaddle," points out that her remarks about the new mother-o'-pearl handled sunshade can only be regarded by "anyone in the trade or who knows as piffle." He says that pearls are not made of any length, nor can taffetas be shot grey-pink. Yet anyone in the silk trade, *or who knows*, would tell "Constant Reader" that here he is wrong, and anyone in the mother-o'-pearl business, *or who knows*, would inform him that mother-o'-pearl can be made any length. Try again.

Vera Canute broken-heartedly asks me to reply in my column to W. E. O. and D. R. D., who can't "stick her rotten verses." W. E. O. presumes that Vera is our typewriter, and that she scribbles love rubbish to fill up her spare time. He goes on to say that, if she must write, why does she not try her hand at addressing envelopes? Better still, at sock-knitting? It is quite true that Vera is our typewriter, but W. E. A. must deal gently with her, for, poor thing, she has lost her heart to the bald-headed, Frank-Richardscn-whiskered, Socialist compositor. Hence these verses.

D. R. D. asks Vera, "What on earth is a 'crimson baby'?" Nothing on earth, but he really mustn't ask Vera such indelicate questions. She hasn't married the compositor yet, so, till then, D. R. D, must try to cultivate a little imagination.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That they call it the "Divil'ution Bill" in Ireland.
That the "living statuary" is unbareable.
That Wimbledon did not say "Rats!" to the suffragettes.
That the arch-Deakin raised the spirit of Cobden.
That "O, Listen to the Banned," is the favourite orchestral selection at the Savoy.
That Big Ben has "struck."
That the R.A. Hanging Committee ought to be—suspended.
That the Lords' "Spring-cleaning" will be a success.
That Jamaica thinks it a "Liberal" Government.
That the Park Lane burglar was "up to snuff."
That the Government, having "banged the door," is now feeling the draught.

The secret wedding of Miss Ellen Terry to Mr. Carew is announced. There is no longer a Miss Terry; they don't Carew knows it.

There is a hair-pulling in the air for those who err in such a matter as the birth of an heir to Spain. Hear, hear.

SOME DEFINITIONS:—
Oakum.—A kind of pick.
Oaf.—Kiplingese for a footballer.
Oath.—A solemn untruth.
Obedience.—A woman's privilege in matrimony.
Obfuscation.—An object of political oratory.
Obesity.—A quality of the richer bacon.
Obituary.—A panegyric on a person no longer alive.
Oblivion.—A kind of heaven.
Obse.—An unscheduled nuisance. A band part.
Obscurity.—A condition or state of the utterly unadvertised.
Obsolescence.—An atmospheric phenomenon peculiar to some legislative institutions; to wit, the House of Lords.
Obstetrician.—A Spanish term for a Royal Physician.
Obstruction.—An active expression of political chagrin. A Tory party out of office.
Obtuseness.—A thickening of the head.
Obsequiousness.—A characteristic of boot-blacking.
Occultism.—A comprehensive term for that body of thought which believes in the unthinkable.
Octogenarian.—A person who has taken care of himself. One who has lived in the past and has not long to wait for the future.

Wit is described as "a concussion of the brain." Now we know why jokes are "cracked."

PRESERVING THE PEACE: NEW RESTRICTIONS:—
Any paper publishing satirical cartoons, or adverse comments on any Foreign power will be suppressed.
In every stage-play, the villain must be an Englishman. If a foreigner is introduced, it must be as the hero.
Any person alluding to the German Emperor as "Weary Willie" may be handed over to him for punishment.
The use of the term "Double-Dutchman" will be severely punished, since it implies stupidity, and possible dishonesty on the part of an enlightened nation.
New names are to be found for the following, the present ones being considered offensive to the Powers concerned: "German Silver; Japanned goods; American cloth; Prussian blue; Spanish onions; Russia leather; Chinese white; Swede turnips."
"Polishes" of all kinds must in future be known as "Shines," since Poland very properly objects to its national title being applied to so mean a purpose.
Any person ridiculing, or in any way offending a foreigner will be rigorously dealt with.

Lord Charles Beresford has ordered sailormen who break leave to be mustered every two hours. Will they call them "mustard-leaves?"

So the great pill-r of the world is dead. Making £80,000 a year while alive, now he is hardly worth a guinea a box.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* says:—"The Bishop of Exeter, in the presence of 900 fellow-prisoners, confirmed 15 convicts at Dartmoor." What was the Bishop in for?

An examination paper on "Cookery" is responsible for this: "A husband's supper should be supplied from a wife's remains." Who is to cook the funeral baked meats is not mentioned.

Sir William Ramsay asserts that "Churches spend in wordy warfare enough to pay for excavating the cities of Asia Minor." Having digs at each other instead of digging up buried treasure.

We recently heard of an inventor who was explaining that by touching a knob he could bring his bath to his room. To prove his assertion he did so, and the visitors were surprised to see the bath enter the room—with the inventor's spouse in it.

ELECTRICITY CONTROLS ALL BODILY VIGOUR.

Science Proves that Disease can be Cured Without Medicine.

People who have been downcast by Dr. Osler's unkind logic, and feel that because they are no longer young the world has little use for them, should cheer up at once, and read about the wonderful electrical discoveries that have startled the medical world and proved conclusively that the human body takes on youthful vigour when electricity is applied in the right way.

In a recent series of remarkable experiments two prominent physicians demonstrated that the human stomach generated enough electricity to affect a telephone receiver.

The experiment consisted of the swallowing of two platinum electrodes, so that they touched the walls of the living stomach. By means of copper wires the electrodes were connected with a telephone and a microphone, a sensitive instrument which greatly intensifies sound.

There was absolutely no mechanical or chemical battery in the circuit. Yet the moment the electrodes were swallowed sufficiently to touch the walls of the stomach human electricity flowed over the wires, rendering audible sounds. The electric charge measured 7 to 8 milli-volts on a Weston galvanometer.

This demonstrates that the human body is an electric battery. The amount of electric force the body possesses controls the health of the individual.

This discovery should lead to a revolution in medical practice. The natural generation of electric heat going on in the stomach controls, to a great extent, the health of the individual.

The "Ajax" battery holds the *Science Siftings* Certificate of Merit. JOHN BULL, in a recent issue, made some very favourable comments both on the battery and on the Institute which sells it. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the eminent electrical expert, after an exhaustive test, wrote: "The results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations."

Write at once for the beautiful descriptive book, telling all about the "Ajax" Battery. The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will send it in a plain, sealed envelope to any one free.—[ADVT.]

CUTLERY Bargain Parcel

Satisfaction guaranteed, or Cash returned IN FULL.

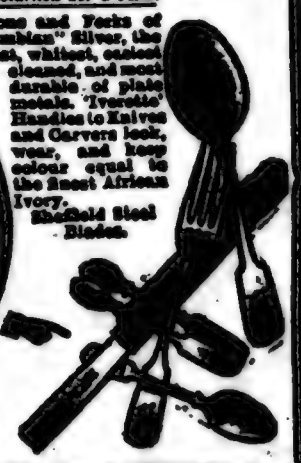
DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER TO USER.

THE 'PERFECTION' PARCEL

1 pair Carvers	6 Dessert Spoons
1 Table Steel	6 Tea Spoons
6 Table Knives	2 Salt Spoons
6 Dessert Knives	1 Mustard Spoon
6 Table Forks	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Forks	1 Pickle Fork
2 Table Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs

30/- Terms: 5/- deposit and 5 monthly payments of 5/-

Spoons and Forks of "Columbian" Silver, the hardest, whitest, easiest cleaned, and most durable of plate metals. 'Ivorette' Handles to Knives and Carvers look, wear, and keep colour equal to the finest African Ivory. Sheffield Steel Blades.



2/- in the £ Discount for Cash with order.
Agents Wanted. Good Commission.
J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., 25, Cutlery Works, SHEFFIELD.

BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

RENARD ROAD TRAINS

We are now prepared to give early delivery of Vehicles (manufactured by the Daimler Motor Co., 1904, Ltd.) for Goods or Passenger Traffic.

Orders in hand include complete trains for the War Department of the French Government; for the Société Francaise des Trains Renard (under the subsidies of the French Government); and many others too numerous to mention here.

Press Extracts on the Renard Road Train.

The "Times," Jan. 16th, 1907:
"The most interesting self-propelled vehicle of modern times."

The "Daily Telegraph," Jan. 22nd, 1907:
"Of the highest importance."

The "Standard," Jan. 31st, 1907:
"Great possibilities."

The "Morning Post," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"A complete success."

The "Morning Leader," Jan. 12th, 1907:
"The marvellous motor train which will revolutionise rural traffic."

The "Daily Chronicle," Jan. 31st, 1907:
"Will revolutionise existing methods."

The "Financial News," Jan. 12th, 1907:
"English engineers are enthusiastic about this coming revolution in road transport."

The "Daily Express," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"Evoked general admiration."

The "Daily Graphic," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"A new carrier for passengers and goods."

The "Morning Advertiser," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"It will prove the salvation of industries now handicapped by inadequate rail and water facilities."

The "Tribune," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"The various uses to which such trains may be put are infinite."

The "Pall Mall Gazette," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"A great future."

The "St. James' Gazette," Mar. 13th, 1907:
"The most interesting exhibit in the show (Olympia)."

The "Westminster Gazette," Feb. 16th, 1907:
"Remarkable evolution."

The "Weekly Sun," Feb. 23rd, 1907:
"A wide field of usefulness."

The "Mechanical Engineer," Feb. 2nd, 1907:
"The Renard Train possesses in a high degree the qualities of an ideal system of transport."

Full particulars on application to the Secretary.

The RENARD ROAD & RAIL TRANSPORT CORPORATION, Ltd.,

122, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.

A lieutenant of the Royal Engineers at Chatham has been found "shot in his quarters." Whether fore or hind is not stated.

The Panama Canal will be 47 miles long, 100 feet wide, and 35 feet deep. Even then it will not hold all the money which has been sunk in it.

The enterprise of newspapers is really colossal nowadays. A contemporary states: "An admiral in our service receives £1,825 a year." He must be the Admiral of the Fleet Street.

A footballer met with an accident, and had his nose broken. He sent a telegram to his lady love, and received the reply:— "Have nose set Roman. Don't like Greek.—Ethel."

McCoy, the Wormwood Scrubbs roof performer, has not yet been offered a music hall engagement nor received an offer of marriage. How is this?

Asked the meaning of "Dodo," two school children gave the following replies:—"Dodo—a bird that is nearly decent now"; and "Dodo means, 'You are the same!'"

We learn from the same source that "a knave is a man who shows people their places in church." What becomes of all these sensible children when they grow up?

A Grimsby caterer has been summoned for "desecrating the Sabbath" by selling Peter's milk chocolate! If it had been Peter's almond rock we could have understood it.

Viscountess Falmouth asks, "Why, if a woman can milk a cow or make butter, shouldn't she be able to read poetry or play the piano?" Certainly if she can skim milk she can skim poetry, but we don't know that she can get a cow on the three-year instalment plan.

The Chairman of the Chard Board of Guardians has resigned, as lady members have been elected, and he is a bachelor. A man who could sit on a charred board, however, could surely stand the ardent advances of the other sex.

A small boy has just been admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital after "swallowing a bachelor's button." We extend our sympathies, and hope the bachelor is holding up as bravely as can be expected.

They do some things better—in Scotland, where the siller goes to. Instead of "bail bonds," they demand the ready cash, and get it, or you stop in prison. The Chief Constable of Glasgow adds that, "as a rule, having paid the money, people don't come back." We can hardly believe this, however, of Scotland.

A motor-'bus skidded at Kensington, and smashed up a butcher's cart, a baker's barrow, and a greengrocer's van. If this kind of thing goes on, "Your food will cost you more."

The new governor of Wormwood Scrubbs, Mr. Basil Thomson, "is great-grandson of Prince Rirjo Rangabe, Grand Postehnic of Wallachia." This should keep the Scrubbers in order.

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nurses are scarcely likely to be in evidence here; but would it not be a graceful act to send them to Spain for infantry practice?

Europeans at Tangier are indignant because the British Consul took off his boots before interviewing the Pasha at Kasbah about the recent murders. But they forget that he went there to give the Pasha "socks."

Olympia has had a Building Exhibition, with "the latest thing in houses." Mrs. Bull says, husbands.

Mr. Spender succeeds Will Crooks on the Asylums Board. A suitably named successor.

British girls are being engaged in the Chicago canning factories on condition that they have a Russian bath and their finger nails manicured twice a week. Indignation meetings are to be held.

Mr. Cartwright Firth advises "those who desire to convert Shakespeare into Bacon to realise that what cannot be cured must be endured." But he must admit that Shakespeare had a litter-ary sty-le.

A Danish inventor, Mr. Anderson, has invented a "land and water bicycle-boat," the idea being to go over the waves instead of through them. He anticipates doing the Atlantic in three days; we anticipate the Atlantic doing him in three minutes.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

MR. H. SELL, Secretary of the British Waiters' and General Catering Employés' Association, of 49, King William Street, E.C., writes us that he certainly does *not* approve of the conditions alluded to in our recent reference to the Irish Exhibition.

W. C. (Peckham) and A. R. F. (Harringay) think that if Mr. Aubrey Llewellyn Coventry Fell is entitled to a biscuit for having his name in full upon the London County Council trams, we ought to award a whole boxfull to Mr. Walter Clarence Evelyn de Lormet Bracy-Wright, of the Pioneer 'buses. It has, however, been pointed out to us that the Act requires the full name of the manager to be painted on the vehicles. In these circumstances, we suggest that in future advertisements for managers, gentlemen with more than a dozen letters in their names should be barred. How is it that our friend Alpheus Cleophas has not spotted this scandalous waste of the ratepayers' money?

Dr. R. T. H. (Pollokshields) points out, *apropos* of our recent post-card to the Editor of the *Lancet*, that Mr. Thos. H. Wakley, to whom reference was made, had just died. We were, of course, unaware of the fact, otherwise we should most certainly not have mentioned his name.

M. R. (Manchester).—The "Fraud Order" is an American institution, which empowers the Post Office authorities, after they are satisfied by investigation that the mails are being used to facilitate fraud, to refuse delivery and to decline to issue money orders to or cash them for the firm concerned. The letters for such firms are returned to the writers endorsed: "Fraudulent. Business declared fraudulent by order of Post Office Department. Returned to sender." It is, of course, a strong step and would want very careful safeguarding if introduced into this country.

W. (Brighton) says we are an ass, and promises us some thistles. This is not a very original form of endearment, though W. says he is very fond of us. Thistle do for the present.

R. C. V. (Mile End) encloses an advertisement of "railway lost property," offered by the Western Depôts (83A, Regent Street, and 150, Strand), including umbrellas at what he says is three times their value. He also caves a tradesman who sells shoddy articles from the cheap warehouses in Houndsditch, advertising them as "salvage stock," and burning some of the boxes with a red-hot poker as a tribute to realism.

A. B. (Houndsditch).—The advertisements are probably quite genuine, if you read between the lines. Your name is appropriate to your venture, but you may get into bad odour with your readers.

"REGULAR READER" (Highbury).—We never imagined bank clerks were well paid. They want a vigorous trades union.

F. R. S. (Muswell Hill).—Your quotations are not quite fair. But it is surely a healthy exercise to revise reputations every now and then.

H. J. K. (West Hampstead) answered an advertisement for "home work" and received a circular from the Albion Show Card Co. (203, Strand, W.C.). They boast that they are not as other "home work" firms, but they want 5s. down for materials for staining show cards with bronze. Adding insult to injury, they make it a condition that their bronze paint shall be used for their work only. The price paid for work on their cards ranges from 1d. to 1s. per card, but who is to pay this is not very clear. We advise H. J. K. to keep his dollar.

"JOYLESS" (Haslemere) liked our post-card to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, and points out that critic's chief objection to "The Yoke" by Hubert Wales, which we reviewed on April 6th. Mr. Fyfe's main objection, says "Joyless," was "the heroine's confession that a particular period of her life had been a joy to her. His series of indictments culminated in the supreme charge that the book contained the revolting suggestion that there was such a thing in the world as feminine joy." That is the usual Puritan attitude, but Mr. Fyfe has done more than anyone else to advertise the book.

C. J. B. (Hull).—Inquire at the offices of the *Bombay Gazette*, Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

"CONSTANT READER" (Whitstable, Kent).—Just as well your Corporation can't accommodate a Brahmo Lover chain.

"PHIL" (London, N.) sends a map of the "Land o' Business," with the sun rising (or setting) due north. This is issued by the Copeland-Chatterton Co., "devisers and manufacturers of systems of business" (43, Cannon Street, E.C.).

"THE OTHER JIM CROW" is an engineer who enjoys good health and works hard. The other night he was disturbed by cats, cab-bells, a lamp-man whistling "Sing me to sleep," and loquacious policemen. He wondered whether he might plead the unwritten law if he slew his tormentors. Then he arose and read Jim Crow on "Noises." Now he asks for Crow's opinion about his grievance. Crow maintains his opinion that most people sleep too much. Meanwhile he offers the following prescription:—"R. Aquam vitæ quant. suff.; to be taken every half-hour with a little hot water, sugar, and lemon.—J. C."

J. McI. (London, W.C.) writes a very long letter to ask "Why, oh, why" we are not Protectionists? The answer is that we cannot afford to pay any more for our food and raiment.

Drink and Enjoy

LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

BUY FROM THE GROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of some of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering several thousands of acres.

LIPTON, Ltd.,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEAS

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

H. J. N. (Woodford Green) tells us a story which is not to the credit of Hamilton's, Limited (41, Gracechurch-street, E.C.). One of their travellers called on H. J. N.'s servant, and asked whether she belonged to a Bible class. She replied that she had only been there for a few days, and had no time. She was told that nearly all the servants in Woodford Green belonged to a Bible class, and that, if she signed a form, she would receive a Bible to enable her to go to the class. Result—a family Bible and a demand for £2 10s. H. J. N. threatened to invoke the Public Prosecutor, and Hamilton's took back the Bible. Such methods should be exposed.

W. A. (Scarborough).—We published an article on the Bile Beans Co. on August 4th, 1906.

D. W. P. (Stoke Newington) sends us an advertisement of a "charming elderly lady and normally nice daughter" who desire a paying guest. We do not know which of the ladies drew it up. The elder could not have been so immodest, nor the younger so coy. Meanwhile, we shall be happy to verify their claims.

V. V. tells us a story of a country priest who abstained from preaching when he heard the huntsman's horn outside. We quite agree that religion should encourage sport, for good priests and good hunters are both usually in at the death.

R. F. C. (Hampstead) kindly sends us a circular of the Brahmo Lever Watch Co. We are always glad to welcome new readers.

C. G. C. (Camberwell).—We do not think much of the Society of Bookkeepers, and should advise you not to join it. With reference to "Millionaires in the Making," it is the advertisement of a swindling concern—which we have frequently exposed. We are surprised that the *Daily Chronicle* should insert it.

A. W. (Hornchurch).—Of course it was a misprint on the part of the *News of the World* to say a Good Templar Lodge has been established "consisting of *dead* and dumb members"—but the paragraph all the same is not without its pathos.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK

&

WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

Swan & Edgar Ltd.,

Piccadilly, Regent Street, W.

Gentlemen's Dept.

We are making a speciality of

Lounge Suits.

Ready made Single Breasted Jacket, with Trousers (no Waistcoat), 21/6.

Double Breasted, 23/6.

To order, 2/- extra.

SIZES OF READY MADE SUITS.

Patterns & Self Measurement Form on Application.	Chest.	Waist.	Inside Leg.
	36	34	32
	38	36	33
	40	38	34
	42	40	33

Genuine Folding Panamas, 15/6.

Extra fine quality, 25/- & 35/-.

The remarkably low prices contained in

H. SAMUEL'S CATALOGUE

are a fitting prelude to the satisfaction you will experience if you examine the actual articles, and compare with corresponding values elsewhere.

Send for Catalogue To-Day!

H. SAMUEL, 180, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.
London: 178, STRAND, W.C. (60 Branches in all).

AN EXAMPLE

Solid Gold Gem Ring, 5 Diamonds and 2 Rubies or Sapphires. 6/6

"Spiffkins" (Forest Hill).—We try to please everybody. If you will study our "Letter Bag" page, you will find much in it of general interest. The idea of a Birthday Dinner is under consideration.

H. H. (Ivy Lane) has received one of those bundles of lottery tickets from the Rev. Joseph Geoghegan (St. Peter's Church, Phibsborough, Dublin), with a circular asking him to sell them or pass them on to "some reliable official." So he passes them on to us, hoping Jim Crow may win an Irish harp with double action. Jim says he would rather have the third prize of £300, presented by the Sacred Heart Sodality, but we think Jim gambled quite enough at Monte Carlo.

H. F. S. (Walthamstow) has also had some of these tickets, but sent them back, instead of buying one for Jim Crow, who returns thanks for kind wishes, even when unaccompanied by a testimonial.

H. E. H. F. (West Hampstead) sends two letters, comprising ten pages of recriminations. He does not like the Budget any more than we do; he thinks we must not sneer at the new Lord Midleton because Liberal War Ministers have not always been infallible; he objects to Liberals using the closure because the late Government misused it; he pretends to believe that Mr. Balfour was a stronger leader than Sir Henry; he has strong views about "Herr Tree," and marriage as a civil contract, and the reprieve of Rayner; he is even disappointed in Herbert Vivian, and mistakes his attitude towards the Colonial Premiers. But his memory is not very good, for he evidently imagines Chamberlain advocated Protection in 1900. Our advice is: Read more and write less.

A. B. (West Green).—Herr Tree probably reads German better than he acts English, but we have not studied the Beerbohm family tree.

S. and Co. (Lime Street).—Thanks for tickets for the Phibsboro' Lottery. If we receive many more we ought to stand a chance of winning that harp for Mr. Crow.

"West Indian" (Burton-on-Trent).—We think we know the facts about Captain Grogan and the niggers. We note what you say about the flint glass trade. Why not send us up a specimen tumbler, with a bottle of best Burton? We will drink your health.

E. J. H. (Bow) suggests that we should award ourselves a biscuit for stating that we lose a farthing on each copy sold, but it is the quantity that pays. We think we must award E. J. H. a biscuit for having taken the old joke seriously. What is his nationality?

H. G. (Walthamstow).—We have passed your letter on to the editor of John Bull Over-Seas.

S. A. R. (Montrose), having verified the statements in our Human Document No. 8, has had the kindness of heart to send the poor woman 10s.

"Nancy" (Bayswater) has a keen eye for newspaper slips. She calls our attention to the mistake of the *Daily Mirror* in referring to "William" instead of Tom Jones, and to another in the *Evening Standard* in regard to Miss Edna May's farewell performance. "Nancy" also favours us with some interesting criticisms of various features of our own journal. She does not think that Mrs. Bull "lets herself go quite enough." She doesn't know Mrs. Bull.

A. E. E. (Watford) thinks our suggestion for the introduction of the "Fraud Order" system open to various objections. We admit it requires very careful safeguards, but we do not see any difficulty in securing them.

P. S (Liverpool) asks a biscuit for the *Athletic News* for stating that "Mr. C. Booth, a New Zealand sheep farmer, came specially to England to see the English Cup final, at an expenditure of £200, which works out at £2 4s. 5d. per minute for the match." We should like to see a statutory declaration by Mr. Booth that it was the only thing he came over for.

D. R. D. (Kilburn), *apropos* of one of our recent sonnets, asks "What on earth is a crimson baby?" We presume it is one which has been well spanked.

Messrs. Barclay and Co., "Cotton Brokers," of 4, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C., and 11, Spring Gardens, Manchester, invite us to investigate the genuineness of their business—which is also testified to by a gentleman from Paris, who says he has had satisfactory dealings with the firm and who, by a coincidence, happens to be staying very near its London address. If he will forward us particulars of his dealings, they shall have our best consideration.

Mr. H. Beckwith, Hon. Secretary of the Leicester Temperance Society, writes repudiating any connection between his society and the incident referred to in this column under the heading of "B. B., Leicester," relating to a practical joke. We gladly insert Mr. Beckwith's disclaimer. By the way, is he any relation to the famous aquatic family? They, too, must swallow a good deal of water during their lifetime.

L. S. (Kilburn) sends circulars from Gerome and Co. (83-87, Fleet Street, E.C.), offering £50,000 in marvellous prizes to people who succeed in selling 6s. worth of their "Happy Home Seeds." Need we say more? They say they have over a million customers on their books. Prodigious! Why, then, circularise strangers?

"A Constant Reader" (Hadley) wants a biscuit for some Manchester men there "for asking was it stewed cow-heel and trotters they had after having stewed ox-tail." Ha! Ha! Ha!

"Nobbled" (Birmingham).—What did the man do? If he committed any criminal offence, the Statute of Limitations does not apply.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.
["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

It Depends.
If you "follow the money" you generally lose, and if you "follow yourself" do best.

Don't Owners Swear!
How frequently whole packets of entries go astray in delivery until too late for closing time.

All Should.
Barely one-fourth of our race meetings provide free stabling—in fact, exactly twelve.

The Wise Men from the East.
What a big section of the racing army the Jewish community form—especially on the bookmaking side!

Superstition.
Plenty of superstitious backers won't look on at a race when they badly want any particular horse to win.

Times Change!
What would have been thought a few years ago of trainers who are invariably addressed as "esquire," and have their boxes at Epsom and Ascot?

Done in Style.
At the Moulton Paddocks all Sir Ernest Cassel's bloodstock have numbers—corresponding with the list of bloodstock at the stud—on their head-bands.

Studying the Public now.
Sandown always professed to be above Bank Holiday meetings or catering for the "hoi polloi;" but we must move with the times.

The Haste of Desperation.
Notice round the telegraph office windows just before a race what a crowd of anxious backers are clamouring to hand their wires in and have them timed.

Nicknames.
Some of the jockeys' valets in the weighing-room have curious names. Among others there are "Chicaleery Joe," "Rice Pudding Ben," "Lumps and Dumps," and "Fontarabrian Jack."

Going Far Afield.
It would hardly be believed that huge sums for investment upon small events here—upon which there is no ante-post betting—are cabled to South Africa. Presumably the money is sent back for investment through different channels.

Rivalry.
The Australian Jockey Club is somewhat at loggerheads with the Victoria Racing Club—their competitor for supremacy—and this season some of the meetings of both have been arranged to clash.

Our Safeguard.
Racing owes very much more than we can possibly believe to the whole-hearted support and frequent presence of our King. Without such patronage WHAT would the faddists not attempt to do?

The Game is on the Wane.
Owners say that a "fashionable" apprentice-jockey really needs the stake to ride in any race. In a big handicap, say, worth £1,000, £200 down, and another "monkey" if he wins, is practically what is usually demanded.

Not Worth Risking.
Starters are not supposed to be governed in "leaving" any unruly horse under the gate by the fact that he is either an outsider or a favourite, but there would be an uproar if a popular candidate—especially an odds-on chance—happened to be so put out of the race!

The Pupil will soon Beat the Tutor.
Nearly £7,000 was given in added money at the Bombay race meeting in February, which is surely a sign of the times, and the advance of all racing matters throughout the colonies. This is due to the importation of English bloodstock for breeding and racing purposes.

Now is the time for sportsmen to seriously consider with whom they intend to entrust their turf commissions during the summer of 1907. There is certainly no turf accountant who transacts his business more carefully and thoroughly than Mr. E. W. Betts, of 41, Charing Cross Road. The features of this business house are generosity of terms and promptitude in all settlements. The investor of small amounts will be glad to hear that Mr. Betts makes a speciality of accepting small commissions. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business.—(ADVT.)

Suspicious.
If an owner puts a horse up to auction, saying perfectly openly and truthfully that he desires to sell him, nobody will bid, believing that there is a screw loose somewhere. But put the same horse in a "selling," and he would be immediately claimed, probably at a higher rate, or, if he won, be run up to three times the amount.

France Leads.
It has been suggested to me that the plan should be followed here similarly to France in publishing the morning of and the evening before all races the number of runners and jockeys. Certainly what is done, invariably, elsewhere OUGHT to be managed here, although I am afraid owners and trainers may not think so, nor would they care to give away the many little clues which are part and parcel of s.p. coups.

A Rule Wanted Here.
In South American racing the first idea in every measure is to protect the public. Even when any stable runs two horses there CAN be no underhand business as to only one trying, for the two are counted as ONE in the totalisator and cannot be backed singly. It matters not whose name the horses run in or who rides them. Here it is usually the public who are the victims all round.

The Birch Fund.
As I originated this fund—which has altogether totalled over £1,600—in these columns, it is due to my readers to know that I propose closing it in the very near future, and, further, to exhort the many who promised me donations to remit, so as to help the winding-up of these matters. The patient himself has recently been removed into a nursing home at 7, Colosseum Terrace, Albany Street, N.W., where he can have proper nursing, diet and attention to fit him for the crucial operation to his back. He is in very fair spirits and pretty much the same state of health, which is really wonderful, having regard to his serious condition.

Kempton.
Although I might indite a few notes immediately on the cessation of a week-end meeting, the entire subject is wiped out and forgotten before my readers can peruse any opinion. As to what a really successful, well-managed, and, in all senses, lucky fixture can be, the recent Jubilee meeting stands out as an example. No executive, however deserving or hard-working, can command the sudden glorious summer weather which Kempton had, and none can compel the success or failure of a race meeting by event, either as to field or character of its finish. Of course Polymelus was badly needed amongst last Saturday's runners to cap the whole thing, in a racing sense, but we had a real trial between the unbeaten Polar Star and the enormously-improved penalised Velocity. Success went to the younger horse, but the conceder of 2st. ran a great horse; one

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hundred yards from home his chance was certainly preferable to that of the winner. The victory for a good young horse—especially a popular public favourite—was of course appreciated, but there was just that little jarring note relative to the Newmarket *contretemps*, and the earlier announcement that Polar Star would not run in the Jubilee, which prevented its being a really unreariously popular success, although on every side the Jubilee—now termed the Jubilee Handicap—celebrated its coming of age with signal success.

Higgs.

Not alone because of his win upon Polar Star in the big event, but because of his finished jockeyship, does "Billy" Higgs become the jockey of recent days. He had to do a very great deal with his hands, heels and head to get Polar Star home; on Love Charm it was his strength and the poaching of inside berth which absolutely brought about success; on Hammurabi anyone might have scored; but the grandest finish that I have seen Higgs ride this year was that upon Retrenchment, when he won the Spring Plate for Lord Rosebery on the Friday. The horse must be game and a stayer, for he was under punishment for a furlong—and Higgs can be severe upon his mount, although given to considerable "arm work" as a mere habit. But Retrenchment was being simply "smothered" for three and three-quarters out of the four furlongs by the bigger and longer-striding chestnut Peter Parley, upon whom Bullock seemed to sit still, while Higgs, riding desperately, was going up inch by inch, to fairly sneak the race in the last three or four strides, while the jockey on the loser seemed mesmerised. Sitting still is all very well, and not knocking a horse about is even more essential, but all jockeys, be they English, American or Colonial, should have one object—getting home as soon as they can, and hold no one too lightly with a view of cutting things fine and having the credit of a narrow verdict. A similar error of judgment of Plant's allowed Sophron to beat Gold Coin in the Steward's Handicap—a race worth £1,000, which would have been supplemented by a bet of £500 to £25, which Mr. Stedall took.

But not alone does an owner lose his money thus exasperatingly, but he loses his horse's position in the handicap for the future; and there is nothing more maddening than to know you OUGHT to have won but didn't. Gold Coin, too, is not, unfortunately, already handicapped in any pending big sprints, and there can be no question but that he ought to have won easily at Kempton, for Plant was simply sitting still on him looking round at the others all the last furlong, and passed the post thus, believing that he had scored by a good length, as he had not seen Sophron and Rocketter coming at him on the very far side of the course. The horses were really so wide that Plant's idea was excusable, for many a horseman has made a similar error, particularly at Newmarket. It is an old adage that no jockey should ever think he has won until he is past the post and his number is up.

Prophetic.

Haydock Park clashing with Gatwick, at the week-end, promises to be a "benefit" for John Dawson's stable, for ST. OLLALIA must, on all form, win Friday's Manor Handicap, while GALLINAGO, as usual, has his obvious chance in Saturday's bigger event.

In the south, Kempton's running suggests that DUTCH will about win the Ashdown Handicap, and that PETER PARLEY will win the Worth Stakes. ORTYX, too, is worth following in the Reigate Welter, while, although the Lady Villikins colt is bound to be a screaming favourite for the Alexandra Handicap, I shall go unreservedly for the nice class three-year-old, the MURGIS colt.

Extract from the *War Office Times and Naval Review*, April, 1907:—

"RACING AND THE SERVICES."

As a good many of our readers have asked our opinion on this point, we have caused exhaustive enquiries to be made in sporting circles, with the result that we can confidently recommend Mr. Daniel M. Gant (Member of Tattersall's), of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., as a Commission Agent who gives the very best terms possible to be obtained, and who bears the highest reputation. Mr. Gant's is one of the largest businesses of the kind in the world. That his terms are liberal may be deduced from the fact that he has no limit in regard to the starting price returned. Most Commission Agents, we may remind our readers, either from lack of capital, or disinclination to pay the full price, impose arbitrary limits, 12 to 1, 16 to 1, 20 to 1, and so on. Mr. Gant, we repeat, has no limit, and should the price of a winner be returned at 100 to 1, those odds are paid to the fortunate winner.

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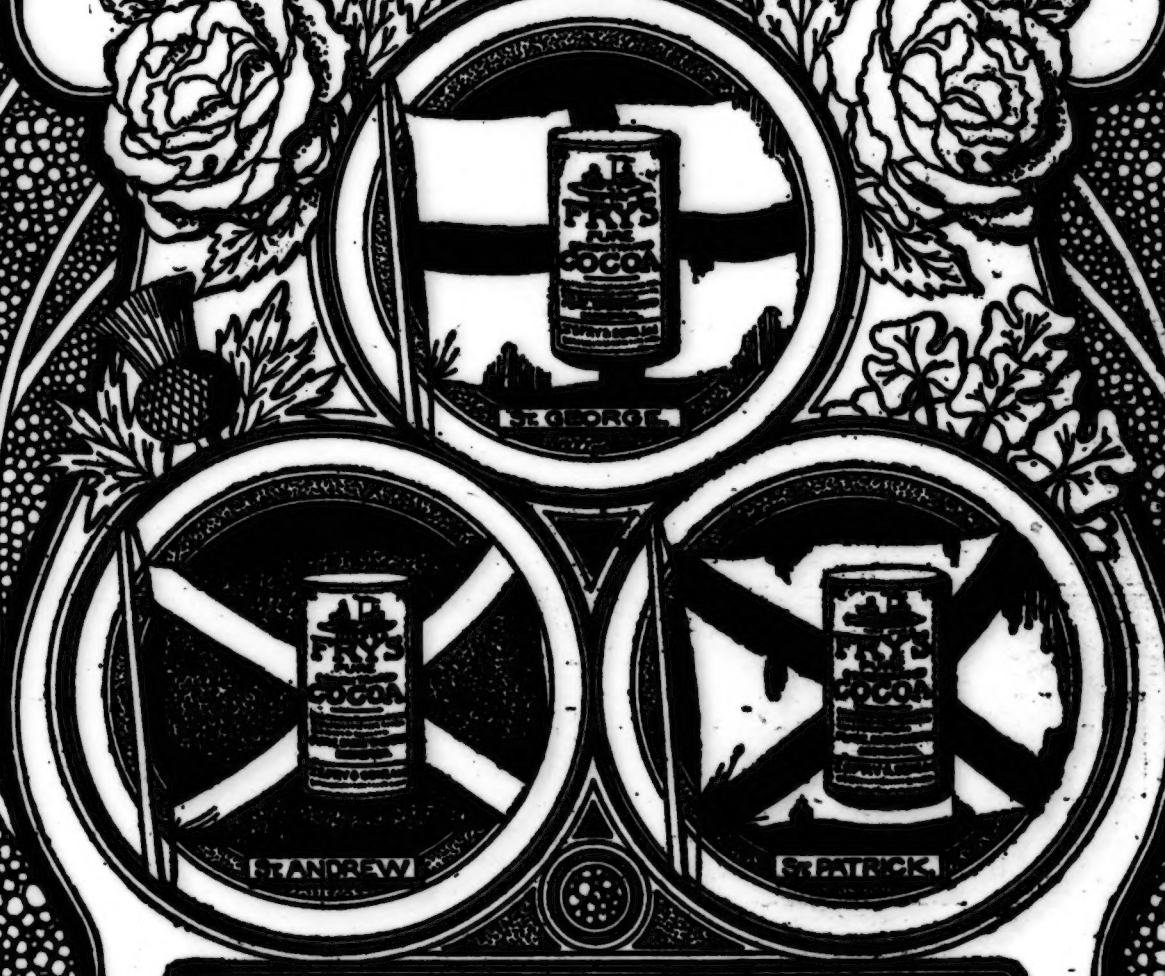

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